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In this number:

Canada After the Years of Liberal Rule (Tom Kent)

The Impact of 'Admass' (Mark Abrams)

The Use and Misuse of Language (Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey)



the things they say!

I.C.I. exported £73 million of products in 1956, I see.

Yes, they've been doing well.

How do they manage it, I wonder?

One reason is that they've built up a sales organisation all over the world. Indeed, they have subsidiary companies in 42 countries, and agents in nearly all the rest.

And what's the other reason?

Well, foreigners have come to trust the quality of I.C.I. products and the technical service that goes with them.

Is Britain, then, a force to be reckoned with in the chemical field?

Yes. And high quality isn't the only reason. Thanks to our research workers, we in Britain now have hundreds of outstanding chemical products to sell to the world.

Such as?

Polythene, for instance, and the powerful 'Gammexane' range of insecticides, bright and fast new dyes like the 'Procion' range, and drugs like 'Paludrine' and 'Antrycide'. They're all I.C.I. discoveries, you know.

And they're helping us in world markets?

They are, indeed. What's more, I.C.I. are spending over £12 million a year on research and development. So far as they can, they mean to ensure that British chemicals stay in the lead.



The Listener

Vol. LVIII. No. 1477

Thursday July 18 1957

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Canada After the Years of Liberal Rule

By TOM KENT

IN recent times the Liberal Party of Canada has been by far the most successful political party in any democratic country. The electors have been satisfied and, I think, with reason. It is not merely that Canada has prospered since 1935. The causes of her remarkable progress are to be found chiefly in the favourable economic circumstances in which Canada has been placed in the post-war world. Canada, as she emerged from the war, was a country ripe for economic development, close beside the buoyant American market, happening to possess many of the materials most in demand, and readily accessible to American capital. But those favours of nature, so to speak, would not have been sufficient to produce Canada's great boom if the management of the country had been bad. In fact the Liberal Government's management of our contemporary problems has been very good.

In almost every country the post-war boom brought strong inflationary pressures; in Canada, while real progress has been fastest, inflation has nevertheless been kept at bay more successfully perhaps than anywhere else. The late Government did a fine job in what is nowadays the primary government responsibility, of keeping the economy on an even keel between recession and the inflation into which full employment can so easily turn.

It did a workmanlike job also of keeping the expanding government services which the times require in line with the country's capacity to pay for them, so that the taxes which hamper development and enterprise have not soared as sharply here as elsewhere. One could sum it up by saying that in Canada the fundamental virtues of free-enterprise economics have been made to fit the politics of contemporary mass democracies with an unusual degree of success. There were critics on the right wing who used to refer to the late Government as Liberal-Socialist; there were others on the left who regarded it as almost reactionary. So

perhaps I can claim the support of opponents as well as of its friends in saying that the Government steered, for most of its life, an extremely successful middle course.

Economic affairs are far from being the whole of the late Government's achievement. Indeed, the area in which its strength was demonstrated most clearly of all was in external relations. Events have thrust Canada very much into the centre of world affairs; in the past decade her place in the world has been utterly different, both in its nature and in its importance, from the place she used to occupy. It seems to be agreed by governments and observers of every western country that in this transformation Canada has acquitted herself well. To quote a British opinion, *The Economist* a few weeks ago wrote about the way in which Canada has helped to ease tensions between the West as a whole and those Asian and African countries that suspect both European colonialism and the new power of the United States. The Liberal Government has championed the idea of a true Atlantic community, taken an active part in the Colombo Plan, and striven for a more effective United Nations apparatus. Canada has been an unusually constructive contributor to the world's councils, and *The Economist* ended its editorial by expressing the fear that a period of political uncertainty in Canada may bring home to the Commonwealth, the West, and indeed the free world as a whole, how much they had come to depend on Canada's mastery of its new role. It will be a salutary lesson, but a painful one.

I cannot here review the wide range of domestic issues, in addition to the economic ones, on which I would claim that the Liberal Party for long years provided Canada with unusually good government. You may say that in so prosperous a country there was surely nothing surprising about that. But it is not quite so simple. Canada is rich, certainly, and that helps to smooth out many problems; it has enjoyed a considerable degree of political

stability; and yet Canada is far from being an easy country to govern. It consists of only 16,000,000 people, but they are spread thinly across half a continent and therefore there are a great many regional differences of economic interest and of social and political outlook. This would be so even if Canadians were a homogeneous people to begin with; but they are a people of greatly diverse races and religions and traditions, not only English and French but Ukrainian and Polish and German and Italian and many others. These diversities would create great problems of government anyway; they are further complicated by Canada's relationship with the United States. Populated Canada is a thin fringe along the northern border of the United States. It is not an easy job to make a successful political unit out of such a fringe, especially when part is English, part French, and so on. But it has been well done. Anyone who thinks that it was easy to achieve, however, has not looked closely at Canada, and in the achievement the Government that was defeated last month have made a full contribution.

Government 'Too Good'

Why, then, did the Canadian people turn it out? The basic answer—though it may sound paradoxical—is that the Government was defeated precisely because it had been so good; it developed faults which were the penalties of its own long success. At the previous general election in 1953 the Liberals had won 173 seats, they outnumbered the main opposition party—the Conservatives—by well over three to one. The Conservatives had, to be exact, 51 seats, two other opposition groups had 38 seats between them, but in both cases their strength was virtually confined to one Province. The C.C.F., theoretically a socialist party, in fact drew most of its representation from the farmers of Saskatchewan, while the Social Credit members came predominantly from Alberta. Both these minor parties were in fact regional rather than ideological in character. Last month's election altered their position very little, but the great Liberal majority that had seemed so secure melted like the snow. The Conservatives more than doubled their representation to become, by a small margin, the largest party. In the House as it now stands, with two seats vacant, they have 110 seats to the Liberals 105. The Province of Quebec remained loyal to the Liberal Party led by its native son, Mr. St. Laurent, but everywhere else Liberal representation was reduced and in some cases slashed almost to nothing.

The relative importance of all the causes which may have contributed to this great political change is matter for endless debate, but personally I am pretty sure what was the basic factor which had most influence right across the country; it provides the elements of a classical tragedy. For years the Liberal Government provided what was, by and large, about as good government as any country has ever enjoyed, but as the years went by the members and close associates of the Government became themselves increasingly conscious of this; they began to feel secure, subconsciously they came increasingly to regard the support of the Canadian people as what they were entitled to, not something they had to earn afresh year by year.

Out of Touch with Public Opinion

As Ministers developed this self-confidence, two other things happened: first, people became irritated by it—even if the Government was good it was annoying to have democratic politicians so sure of themselves. Secondly, as they became so sure of themselves, then in fact the real basis of their confidence was undermined; when they began to think they were so good, for that very reason they ceased to be as good as they had been, they began to make mistakes, they lost touch with public opinion. Men in office of any kind always find it hard to understand the resentments of the people they administer. When administrators know that they mean well, that they are doing their best for their public, it is easy to regard complaint and criticism as unreasonable. In the case of the Liberal Ministers, they not only meant well but felt sure that they had actually done extremely well for Canada. Their own party followers were so grateful to them for their success that they ceased to act as sounding-boards for public opinion; the Liberal back benchers became automatons who followed the Ministers with unusually little debate and dis-

cussion. The party began to look like a big steam-roller, instead of what a democratic party should be, a collection of men sensitive to public opinion, trying to evolve by compromise those courses of action which will on balance affect the interests and sentiments of the country as a whole.

I could give many examples of the effect of this over-confidence. One small one struck me especially forcibly. During the election campaign, Mr. Howe, the Deputy Prime Minister, was speaking to a farm audience on the prairies. The constituency was regarded as a safe Liberal one, the sitting member was able, and had been for some time Chairman of the House of Commons Committee on Agriculture. Mr. Howe commended him warmly to the audience. This Agricultural Committee, Mr. Howe explained to the farmers, consisted of members of all parties from all parts of the country and was liable to get all sorts of ideas. But their member, the Chairman, did a very good job of keeping it in line and seeing that it caused the Government no trouble. Anyone sitting in that audience could tell at once that what Mr. Howe regarded as the candidate's virtue was, to most of the farmers, a good reason for voting against him. They thought that even if the Government was on the whole doing a better job than any other party would, nevertheless too many people had been kept too much in line, the Government had had too little trouble caused for it, to vote for a Liberal back benchers was to vote for a mere yes-man. The particular candidate Mr. Howe was praising on that occasion had received 66 per cent. of the total vote in his constituency in 1953; in 1957 he got 30 per cent.

Mr. Howe was by no means alone in that sort of mistake. Indeed, one of the main arguments used by the Prime Minister and some of his colleagues in the election campaign was to tell the public that really they had no choice but to return the Liberals; because of the fragmentation of the Opposition into three parties no one of them could possibly form a government anyway, so the Liberals were sure to stay in office. That seemed likely to prove true but it was no argument for democratic politicians to use; it invited people to rise up in irritation and say 'we'll show them'. Many people voted Conservative for that reason and any democrat must say, whatever his own party convictions, that it was an entirely healthy reaction.

Buying Off Criticism?

That is all I can say here about the election campaign itself. It had been preceded by many other government misjudgements of public opinion. Earlier this year old age pensions were increased by a very small amount—\$6 a month. The Government thought that was as much as it could wisely do at a time of inflationary pressure on the economy, but the small increase annoyed people more than a refusal to make any change at all would have done; it was widely regarded as the grudging action of a Government that did not really care about the old age pensioners but with its usual calculation and sense of cleverness was doing the minimum it thought necessary to buy off criticism. Many farmers, too, turned against the Government because it seemed indifferent to their problems. In fact it was not, but the way it did things gave an appearance of reluctant yielding to pressure by men who did not really recognise what all the fuss was about because they thought that under their government all was already pretty much for the best in the best of all worlds.

The most important issue of all over the country as a whole centred on the famous pipeline debate of a year ago. The central point of that sad story is simply this: the company to which the Government had granted a franchise to build a natural gas pipeline across Canada had repeatedly failed to raise the necessary capital. The Government had considered various schemes to help it and eventually it signed an agreement to make the company a short-term loan in order to get the line started, but under the terms insisted on by the company the Government had to get the enabling legislation through parliament by a fixed date. To ensure this it brusquely gave notice of closure right at the beginning of the debate. This was unprecedented in Canadian parliamentary procedure and all the more irritating because the company with which the Government had made its deal was American-controlled. The opposition parties protested vehemently, Ministers showed up rather badly in their knowledge of parliamentary rules, the impartiality of the Speaker was ques-

tioned, and although the Bill was driven through the pipeline was not in fact built on time. The Government had fumbled in its policy, but had nevertheless succeeded in crystallizing in the public mind the feeling that men so long accustomed to power had grown arrogant in their use of it.

This was the thing that Mr. Diefenbaker, now Prime Minister, hammered out in every one of the scores of speeches which he made to and fro across the country. The point went home, and whether it was right or wrong we can all agree that it was the sort of issue a freedom-loving people ought to be moved by. Many people have feared that in our contemporary security-minded society democracy would not work. Cynics have said that in times of such enormous and uninterrupted material progress as Canada was making a government could get away with almost anything and the satisfied electorate would not turn it out. The cynics have said that voters nowadays are interested only in the rival materialistic bids, especially by way of so-called free welfare measures with which the parties try to bribe them.

But it was not so. The Canadian electorate proved that on June 10: they turned out a Government essentially because it had grown too pleased with itself, too confident of its own skill in the use of power. I, as you probably have gathered, am a Liberal and I supported the Government in the election, but I think that there is democratic justice in its defeat.

To make that point is not, however, my main reason for analysing the causes of the defeat. The analysis also throws the best light that is at present available on the face of the new Conservative Government. Canada has not seen a strong Conservative Party for a generation. I do not suppose anyone in England will make the mistake of thinking that the Canadian Conservative Party in 1957 is identical with the Conservative Party in the nineteen-thirties. Let me remind you how much the ideas of the British Conservative Party have changed in the past twenty-five years. What has happened to the Canadian Conservatives during their long years in the wilderness is hard as yet to tell in detail, but the changes are certainly large.

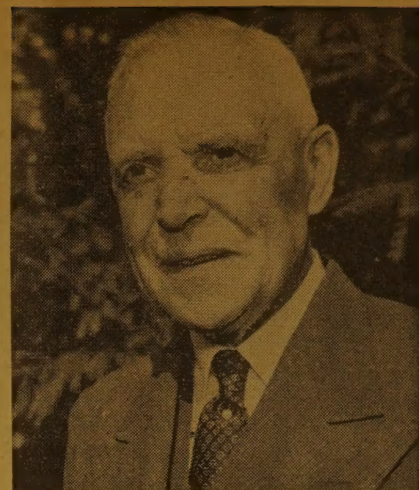
Earlier I described the Liberal Party as middle-of-the-road. To the left of it, however, there is only the C.C.F. Party, which is weak. In Canadian terms, therefore, it is Conservatives and Liberals respectively who continue to represent the division between right and left, or rather that is how it has generally appeared. Towards the end of the long period of Liberal rule the division that increasingly made itself felt was rather the one between the ins and the outs. The Conservatives were not merely out; in their own hearts they often had a terrible feeling of being permanently out. That was the other side of the coin of the Liberals thinking as if they had become the permanent ins. It was a dangerous mood for the Liberals, but for a long time the Conservatives' mood was even worse for them. The attitudes of perpetual opposition may often come fairly readily to a left-wing party; they do not sit harmoniously on a moderately right-wing party.

That is the fundamental reason why the Canadian Conservatives have often looked so weak in recent years. Their strange role pushed them into a state of emotional confusion which was all too plainly reflected in the ineffectiveness of their criticism of the Government and the incoherence of their alternative policies. But in the election campaign this year they escaped from that confusion. And, if my account of the reasons for the Liberals' defeat has been correct, the way in which they escaped will be clear to you. Temporarily—or at least I think it will be temporary—they have moved themselves to the left of the Liberal Party.

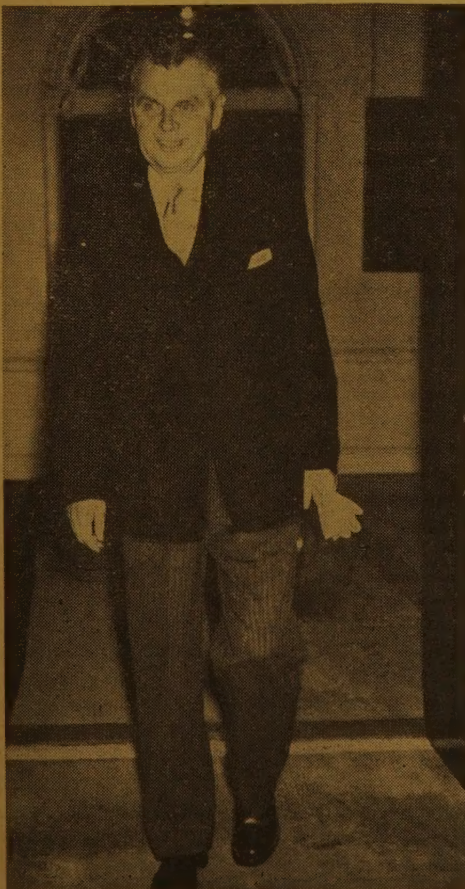
That was not very clearly expressed in many specific policies, though it was in some, and it was very clear indeed in general attitudes. In Mr. Diefenbaker the Conservatives found a leader who could genuinely identify himself with 'we' against 'they', that over-confident power-conscious 'they' that the Government had come to look like. Mr. Diefenbaker mirrored the ordinary man's resentments and frustrations in a way that is usually achieved by politicians of the left rather than the right. He managed to express at one and the same time the resentment of bureaucracy that is most often felt by the small business men and also the suspicion that the public at large has of the big interests. The Liberal Party, having been in office so long, had inevitably come to appear to be in alliance with some of those big interests. Mr. Howe especially was identified in the public mind with big business—not altogether accurately, but that is not the point—and against Mr. Howe, Mr. Diefenbaker appeared as the champion of the ordinary man, of the small interests, and on a counting of hands that is rightly the winning side.

What happens now? Mr. Diefenbaker lacks a majority over all other parties in parliament and theoretically they could, by voting together, defeat him. In practice none of those parties wants another election soon and they will not defeat him. It will probably be Mr. Diefenbaker who next spring or summer, after he has got his Government into shape, takes the initiative in obtaining another election. Unless his Government makes some bad mistakes in the interval he will have a good chance then of obtaining a secure majority. The revival of the Conservatives has much reduced the relative importance of the C.C.F. and Social Credit Parties and we are likely to see them losing ground. Canadian politics has a chance of returning to the straight two-party pattern, which would be a good thing.

In that case how do the Liberals and Conservatives sort out their policies and attitudes? It is far too early to make predictions on that and I am not going to be so foolish as to try. There is just one particular point on which, because it is of special interest to the British, I will be rash enough to try to say something. The Conservatives are by tradition the more pro-British party in Canada. During the election campaign and since they have said a good deal about greater Commonwealth co-operation and the like, but I for one will be very surprised if you in fact see much concrete difference in policies. The facts of Canada's position in the modern world sharply limit the real choices open to a Canadian Government, and in external relations, including Commonwealth relations, I do not think that the actual differences between the old Government and the new Conservative Party will amount to anything near as much as they sound.—*Third Programme*



Mr. Louis St. Laurent, Canada's Liberal Prime Minister for nine years



Mr. John Diefenbaker, Canada's new Prime Minister, leaving 10-Downing Street during his recent visit to London

The Impact of 'Admass'

By MARK ABRAMS

CONTRARY to what some sociologists believe, social criticism has long been a feature of British intellectual life. It is over 300 years since Thomas Hobbes diagnosed our shortcomings in *The Leviathan*. His starting point, as every schoolboy knows, was that under natural conditions man's life is 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short, [with] no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society'; he concluded that escape from these conditions was made possible by the emergence of an absolute ruler with complete control over the whole machinery of state.

Hobbes himself regarded a world run by natural men as a hypothetical threat rather than as a historical fact, but since his time scarcely a generation has passed without the appearance of a book arguing that the threat has already materialised or is at least about to do so. True, over the past fifty years there have been two modifications in the conventional account. The critics have caught up with the rapid expansion of the urban populations of the industrial world and they now speak of the failings of the masses where before they spoke of the failings of the common man.

Origin of Man's Shortcomings

At the same time, the critics no longer attribute the moral, intellectual, and aesthetic shortcomings of man to inborn human nature; instead, they find their origin in social institutions—they point to the workings of democracy, of capitalism, the Welfare State, full employment, large-scale industry. Above all, they are increasingly concerned with the part played by advertising and the mass media—that is the popular press, the cinema, radio, television—in creating the quality of contemporary popular interests and values. They have described the end product, somewhat contemptuously, as 'Admass'.

One of the most striking contributions to the debate has come from Mr. Richard Hoggart, whose book *The Uses of Literacy** has been widely reviewed and praised. The author describes his book as being 'about changes in working class culture during the last thirty or forty years, in particular as they are being encouraged by mass publications' and other forms of entertainment. The first part is subtitled 'An "Older" Order', and here Mr. Hoggart, drawing largely on personal experience in a Yorkshire factory town, describes the form and quality of working-class relationships and attitudes as they existed a generation ago. The account is detailed and enriched by the abundant quotation of homely tags and maxims. The resulting picture is of a people who were occasionally coarse, brutal, illiterate and self-centred, but fundamentally were warm, generous, honest, stoic, cheerful. Their real and vital interests turned on the neighbourhood and the family. Their simple pleasures were based on 'a feeling of warm and shared humanity'. The lynch pin of it all was Mother. It was she who held the home and family together during hard times, worked endlessly, provided the children with treats, and sheltered them as long as possible from the burdens of maturity.

The 'Flat-faced'

The second part of the book is entitled 'Yielding Place to New'. Here Mr. Hoggart deals with the impact of mass media upon the working class. He argues that the press, the cinema, the radio, etc., catering for mass audiences, have taken advantage of the older working-class values of tolerance, solidarity, egalitarianism, to sell the people a life of self-indulgence, shallow cynicism, materialism and conformity. After describing the contents of certain magazines, novels, and popular songs, Mr. Hoggart concludes that there is now, as he terms it, a new aristocracy, 'the monstrous regiment of the most flat-faced' an emerging common man 'who (at work) tends by three simple gestures a highly complicated machine, and who keeps in a centrally heated locker

a copy of the latest mass-produced sex-and-violence novel for reading in those parts of the allotted intervals when he is not listening to a radio "gang" show'.

Mass-man's relations with his fellows are without genuine reciprocal content, and Mr. Hoggart describes this as a candy-floss world. By analogy with the phrase 'para-military organisations', the state of affairs he has in mind can be described as a world of para-social relations. One possible saving grace in the new order is to be found in the 'scholarship boys'—the protesting minority who, in pain and loneliness, 'uprooted and anxious' (in Mr. Hoggart's words), have fought their way out of the working class and its mass decadence.

Mr. Hoggart's views about popular culture—that it debases and is debased—are not uncommon. But there are other reactions to popular culture. In fact, there seem to be at least three main schools of thought. There are the antis—those who hold with Mr. Hoggart that the taste of the masses is corrupt and destroys both *élite* culture and folk culture. Then there are the pros—the people who argue that, apart from its commercialised aspects, mass culture is vital, authentic, and fundamentally healthy; that contemporary jazz, films, and popular music are pioneering art forms. This view tends to appear most frequently in left-wing political circles, and from time to time readers of the *Daily Worker* feel forced to challenge editorial enthusiasm for the pioneers by writing in and asking rhetorically 'is skiffle piffle?' Then there are the middle-of-the-roads—those who argue, and, it must be admitted, with plenty of supporting evidence, that popular taste and leisure interests were pretty shoddy long before the appearance of mass media, that today's popular publications, films, and broadcast programmes are not as bad as these critics say, that mass culture is steadily getting better, and that, in any case, modern mass media are really not taken seriously by the ordinary men and women who read and watch them.

Investigating Candy-floss Culture

Up to a point all three groups agree on one thing—that at least some parts of today's mass culture are debilitating and vicious. I believe that this is so obvious that there hardly seems any point in saying so again or in presenting further evidence. There are two other tasks which seem to be more rewarding. The first is to establish a more precise account of the dimensions and incidence of this candy-floss mass culture; the second is to enquire into the reasons for it. Why does part of contemporary society steadily consume this unedifying material?

Let us start by looking at the facts. Here I think Mr. Hoggart's account calls for more precision and a few modifications. Some of them admittedly are mentioned in passing by Mr. Hoggart but their significance has, I feel, largely been ignored by him in his general indictment.

In the first-place the candy-floss culture he describes is relatively much more true of the north of England than it is of the south. In relation to population, the audiences for dance halls, the cinema, commercial television and radio, sex and violence novels, trivial and over-personalised newspapers are much greater among the northern working class than elsewhere. Secondly, even in the north there are large sections of the working class who have little use for a continuous diet of pornography, cynicism, day-dreaming, intellectual-baiting. The constant use of the word 'mass' suggests an all-embracing and homogeneous culture, but even when one admits the existence of millions of candy-floss addicts it remains true that there are just as many working-class people who have no appetite for juke box music and obscene magazines, and are bored by inane radio comedians.

It is worth mentioning in passing that these members of the working class are far from being lonely, rootless, protesting

scholarship boys. Much of what Mr. Hoggart has to say about scholarship boys at grammar schools seems to me to be out of date. At most of the state-maintained grammar schools in Britain today working-class children form a majority of all pupils and by no means lead isolated lives.

Again, although Mr. Hoggart admits that the candy-floss man and his wife are not confined to the working class, he still seems to see it as a mainly working-class phenomenon. But there are millions of middle-class people who spend their Sundays reading the newspapers deplored by Mr. Hoggart, and their evenings either glued in front of the television or watching films that offer little more than ready-made day dreams and vicarious brutality. There are plenty of flat-faced men and women in the middle class who are content to spend their working hours going endlessly through mean and repetitive gestures and to fill their leisure with second-hand experiences and third-rate thrills. Indeed, in this context a horizontal or class division of society is much less relevant and illuminating than one which recognises that middle-class flat-faces are much more alienated from middle-class egg-heads than they are from working-class flat-faces.

Correcting the Picture

Finally, we come to what I think is the most important correction that has to be made to Mr. Hoggart's account. The main consumers of the mass media are young people. It is only among the young that one finds a very high proportion of people who spend their leisure turning the pages of tabloids and comics, going to the cinema two or three times a week, patronising pin-table saloons, filling the dance-halls, and swooning over crooners. People now in their thirties or over are far less enchanted by these excitements—in spite of the fact that in their teens and early twenties they were heavy consumers of candy-floss. There is every reason to believe that today's younger generation will similarly turn towards more substantial satisfactions.

These amendments to Mr. Hoggart's picture are not put forward out of mere pedantry. They are essential if one is to arrive at anything like a valid explanation of the conditions he deplores. We are concerned with a phenomenon which is relatively concentrated in the industrial north and among the young, and is scattered among all classes. In short, although trivial mass media are available for everybody only some sections of the population reach out for them. The important question is: why do such people turn to them? Here are some possible explanations.

In describing what he considers to be the much more attractive working-class culture of a generation ago, Mr. Hoggart makes considerable illustrative use of the earthy maxims which guided his elders and formed the core of their workaday values. Here are some of them:

- 'A slice off a cut cake is never missed'.
- 'Live yer own life (and) keep y'self to y'self'.
- 'They [i.e., public administrators] are all twisters really'.
- 'Our sort [usually get] the dirty end of the stick'.
- 'Enjoy y'self: money's not the real thing'.
- 'If y' don't like it, y'mun lump it'.
- 'Y' can't change 'uman nature'.
- 'It 'urts nobody. It's only natural, in't it?'
- 'All politics are crooked'.
- (Of the church) 'It's a good racket if you can get in on it'.
- 'To live according to religion [is] a mug's game'.

Values of Working-class Elders

These and similar maxims Mr. Hoggart puts forward as crystallisations of a departed happy, sturdy, working-class culture. A less involved observer might eye them differently. He might well hold that a young person brought up among elders holding these views is corrupted from the very beginning. If these were indeed the values of our working-class elders then it is hardly surprising that their offspring are cynical, selfish, irresponsible, pleasure-loving, and self-indulgent. To arrive at their present state of mind they needed no help from the mass media.

A second explanation provided by another causal link between the two parts of Mr. Hoggart's book, and one that again seems to have escaped him, stems from his account of the working-class mother of a generation ago. In Mr. Hoggart's eyes

she was unselfish, devoted, hard-working, protective. An alternative interpretation of the same behaviour is that she trained her children to depend excessively and for too long upon the protection, affection and indulgence of 'Mum'. Her vision—and here again I quote one of Mr. Hoggart's laudatory phrases—was to make her children feel 'as snug as a bug in a rug'. If today we have millions of adult thumb-suckers it is because their mothers treated them as infants long after they should have been standing on their own feet. They turn to particular sections of the mass media nowadays because it is there that they find again the conflicts, reassurance, arrogance, self-pity of an adolescent world. Incidentally, at one point Mr. Hoggart deals sympathetically with the loneliness and boredom of the working-class National Service man. How much of this, too, is 'Mum's' work?

A third reason why 'Admass' flourishes is suggested by the fact that it is young people who, relatively, are the most avid consumers of mass media. What reward do they hope for when they spend their time and money on these goods? They are seeking, I would suggest, for guidance on how to behave in their roles as young adults—how to handle their relations with the opposite sex, with older people, with their work companions and with their parents. A recent analysis of popular songs illustrates this. The analyst examined all the lyrics that appeared in June 1955 in four publications: *Hit Parader*, *Song Hits Magazine*, *Country Song Roundup*, and *Rhythm and Blues*. These happen to be American publications but most of the songs enjoyed equal popularity among young people in this country. He found that 83 per cent. of the lyrics were about love and that between them the words and sentiments of these 200 songs covered the complete cycle through courtship, appeals, promises, surrender, temporary separation, and then either happiness or final parting with the prospect possibly of hopeless love or more probably of new beginnings. The words of these songs may sound funny or nauseating to older people but for adolescents they often seem piercingly true.

Social Apprenticeship

Other mass media tend to specialise in other aspects of the young person's social apprenticeship. For example, plays are perhaps the most consistently popular offerings on television; some of these are at the educational level of popular songs, but more often they are concerned with less intimate social relationships. Much the same is true of films and novels. By and large, all of them succeed because some part of the young population has nowhere else to turn for guidance.

It is this gap in the socialisation of young people which is, I believe, the essence of the problem. And the gap appeared not because of the invention of tabloids and commercial television. Its origins go back much further than that and are to be found in the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century. Until then the young person's developing social roles were normally set by tradition and he was introduced to them, often formally, by his elders. It was the new towns and the new factories which widely destroyed this relationship between the generations, and the nineteenth century largely failed to produce any adequate replacement.

If we accept this analysis of the present facts about mass culture and its origins, then, I think, we arrive more clearly at the proper remedy. Presumably we can halt the multiplication of Mr. Hoggart's flat-faces when the adult world as a whole decides to resume its responsibilities. If we reject this analysis, I think we are in danger of falling back on a modernised version of the views expressed by Hobbes and then advocating the sort of solution that appealed to him. Hobbes has been described as

a dogmatist who believed that most of his countrymen were either stupid or riddled with various brands of anarchic individualism or both. [His book] is the over-confident appeal of an insecure, angry and intellectually arrogant theoretician . . . [and was written] in order to instruct his countrymen how best to reconstruct English civil society so that it was a fit place for sensible people like himself.

I certainly would not want to describe Mr. Hoggart in this way, but some of his admirers seem dangerously near to Hobbes in outlook.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Words and Thoughts

WE publish today on another page a broadcast version of a lecture given by Mr. Vincent Massey, the Governor-General of Canada, upon the use and misuse of words. It is a topic of perennial importance to public men as well as to professional writers since words can be used to conceal, obscure, or obstruct thought as well as to convey it to others. The late C. K. Ogden, that eccentric but versatile genius, about whom Mr. Lance Sieveking recalled some memories which we printed the other week, showed how most things can be said clearly by the use of some 850 basic words and that long words and fancy phrases are unnecessary for the ordinary purposes of clear writing. It is indeed a salutary exercise to translate most office instructions into Basic English, and official communications by central and local governments would be none the worse if they were written in that way. Recently the philosophical school known as the analysts have delighted the academic world, or at any rate each other, by pointing out how often accepted notions in political and metaphysical philosophy can be exposed, denigrated, or reduced to platitudes if their language is subjected to careful analysis. Words are indeed dangerous playthings when they get into the wrong mouths.

But the academic world itself is not guiltless in its handling of words. For though scientists and others may be clear in their own minds what they are talking about, it is their habit to use a language of their own. If one studies articles in learned magazines one soon becomes conscious that their authors are writing in specialised jargon for each other: they tend to make technical points which if reduced to some kind of basic English might not always lead very far. On the other hand if the same writers are asked to contribute popular articles to newspapers they may through lack of experience go too far in simplification and even underestimate their readers. Nothing is more salutary, one feels sure, than being required to engage in popular exposition; for there is a danger that, seduced by love of their own jargon, the experts who make our modern world may lose the art of being able to communicate their ideas except among themselves.

In recent years it has become rather fashionable to blame Civil Servants for the misuse of words, but not only are other experts in administration sometimes guilty of this but one suspects that politicians and people whose business it is to talk directly to the public are also to blame, if in a different way. Words such as liberty and equality, democracy and inflation that one hears every day are susceptible of dozens of different meanings according to the prejudices and emotions of those who say them and those who hear them. It is common knowledge that no M.P. speaking in the House of Commons can ever hope to hold his audience with mere verbiage: only the speaker who really knows his subject and has something forcible to say about it can keep the House full. Yet on the public platform he will not infrequently, and maybe through force of habit, use words not to convince the mind but solely to arouse the emotions. Mr. Massey, who no doubt has to listen to hundreds of speeches a year, is likely to be aware of this. If he can persuade public men not merely to simplify their words but to appeal to the thoughts as well as the feelings of their audiences he will serve the community well.

What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on the changes in Moscow

SOVIET AND SATELLITE commentators have continued, during the past week, to discuss the reasons for the changes in the Soviet leadership, and once again they have emphasised the alleged estrangement between the deposed leaders and the Soviet people. As one Moscow radio commentator described it:

The participants of the anti-party group of Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov and the careerist and double dealer Shepilov, who joined them, stubbornly opposed the new methods of creative leadership. They looked on it with the lordly disdain of obdurate dignitaries. To them Lenin's behest on constant and active contact with the masses had long ago become a dead letter.

Another commentator, decrying the anti-party's opposition to the policy of co-existence, which was also the reason for their removal, said that the Soviet Union disliked secret diplomacy, favoured by the group, and always acted openly before the eyes of the whole people. He added:

Soviet foreign policy is known to the whole world. The Soviet Union has nothing to hide since all its actions are dictated by concern for peace. Both at the conference table and on television screens, the Soviet leaders follow the line laid down by Lenin—they talk about the things which concern the people and they act in their interests.

Western commentators have also maintained an interest in various aspects of the Moscow events. In Switzerland, the newspaper *La Suisse* speculates about the future of Marshal Bulganin, and is quoted as saying:

When will it be Bulganin's turn? During the visit to Czechoslovakia the garrulous Khrushchev has not given him a chance to open his mouth. This spectacle of the head of government having to leave all speech-making to a party secretary is only possible under a Communist regime.

The French newspaper, *Maine Libre*, emphasises the increasing importance of Marshal Zhukov in the Soviet hierarchy, and is quoted as saying:

The two men must govern together. Should this collaboration prove a failure, the dictatorship of one or the other would be the only possible outcome, and the assumption of power by Zhukov is the more likely of the two contingencies.

On the other hand, a Cairo radio commentator, reviewing events in Russia and the West, expressed the opinion that there was greater danger to the world from the democracies than from Communism. He went on to say:

There is no danger of Communism anywhere in the world. Tell me which country had its people massacred by the Communists. You will find there is not one, and, even if there is, the cruelty of the Communists is not to be compared with that of the democracies.

The lack of progress in the disarmament talks at London has provided another topic of comment, and Soviet commentators have been quick to defend Mr. Zorin's rejection of the latest western proposals for the suspension of nuclear tests. One of them said:

Mr. Zorin had good reason for making his remarks. It should be clear to everyone that, without acceptance by the Powers of an understanding to stop nuclear tests, the work of the experts drafting a system of control would be objectless. Why establish the details of a control system if the Western Powers do not agree as yet on a stop to tests? If such a committee of experts were set up and got down to work, it might create the false impression among the public that there had been some sort of an agreement on a stop to tests when actually there had been no such thing.

Another Soviet commentator maintained that:

The Soviet proposal on the cessation of bomb tests and other first steps in the field of partial disarmament reflected the interests of the people. They are realistic and they envisage concrete measures which it is possible to carry out.

while a third declared that there were:

influential circles in the western countries which would like to block completely the Soviet proposals and continue the unbridled atomic arms race, out of which the monopolies reap tremendous profits.

Did You Hear That?

A SPECTACULAR MOUNTAIN

TWO MEMBERS of an expedition to one of the most spectacular mountains in the world have just returned home to London; they are David Cox, and Wilfrid Noyce, who were members of the successful British Everest expedition; and the mountain they scaled was Machapuchare in the Himalayas. The expedition found itself in difficulties early on in the trip when one of its members went down with polio and had to be carried down from base by the expedition leader. In spite of this the expedition was a success. WILFRID NOYCE described the ascent—and the mountain—in a talk in the General Overseas Service.

'It is one of the most spectacular mountains I have seen anywhere', he said. 'One face rises 15,000 feet almost sheer, but the face up which we made our assault was not only spectacular but exceedingly beautiful. Almost the whole of this side was covered with what looked like fluted organ pipes, white ones, thousands of them, caused by the wind and sun on the snow and ice of Machapuchare.'

'We climbed up these organ pipes towards a ridge that looked as though it might lead to the summit. This involved cutting steps in the ice, hammering in pegs or, as we call them, pitons, and attaching some 900 feet of rope to them. We got to the top of the fluting, to a ridge at about 21,000 feet. To the right lay the summit, a pyramid of white ice, by far the most startling summit any of us had seen. It looked quite vertical. We lowered ourselves 200 feet down over the ridge which we had attained, on to a snowfield where we made Camp 4.'

'From there it looked as though it might be easy going to the plateau below the final pyramid, and next morning we set off full of hope. But after 100 yards going we found ourselves on the edge of a cliff that dropped pretty nearly sheer for 4,000 feet. However, we found that by climbing a steep ridge and then lowering ourselves 300 or so feet we could just reach the outer edge of the snowfield leading to the summit. So on June 1, Cox and I had ourselves lowered by Wylie and one sherpah, and when we had untied ourselves from the rope we set off for the 21,000-foot mark where we planned to set up our last camp, Camp 5. We were alone now. We had to carry our own gear because we could not get the sherpahs down the cliff, and because we wanted, as it were, to secure our retreat. We were terrified at the idea of being cut off, with no-one to help us back.'

'The weather had been almost continually bad, with much new snow. We left Camp 5 at four in the morning. It was very cold, but it was very beautiful and the weather was fine. The final pyramid of ice towered above us. It was of pure blue ice, and very hard, and now we saw that lying up the final face were more of those organ pipes I spoke of earlier, with streaks of snow lying between them. These organ pipes and the strips of snow were about 1,000 feet high, and it looked as though they led straight to the summit. We selected one and set off up it, cutting steps occasionally. And then the weather suddenly changed for the worse. It came on to snow heavily. The strips of snow up which we were climbing suddenly petered out, and 100 to 150 feet from the summit we found ourselves facing a curtain of steep, hard ice.'

'The people in this part of Nepal consider Machapuchare to be a sacred mountain. The summit had never been trodden, and there was a feeling against mountaineers attempting it. So we decided that this was the right moment to turn back. We were a little under 23,000 feet, and we felt very contented with our climb'.

FRIENDSHIP IN POLYNESIA

'I learned a great deal about the intrinsic nature of friendship in Polynesia when I was there in the nineteen-twenties', said EVELYN CHEESMAN in a talk in the Home Service. 'As it was expressed to me, a friend was a second self. I think we ourselves

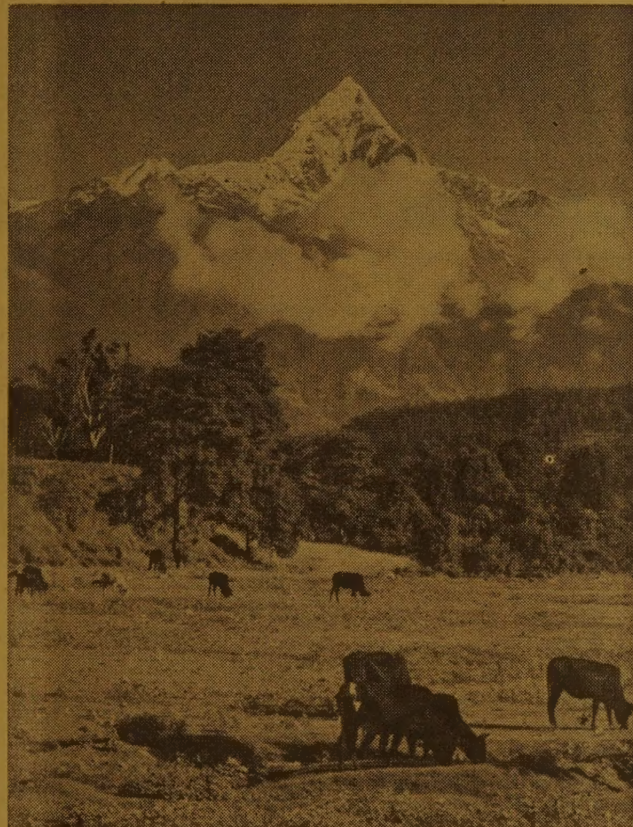
would draw the line before accepting a friend's quarrels, however devoted we might be; and we would hesitate to kill somebody who was supposed to have cast a spell over a friend. Yet that sort of thing was apparently taken for granted as an obligation of friendship, for the supernatural entered into the matter. The supernatural was closely interwoven into the fabric of their lives, into every event from birth till death—and after death. So that when a log fell on a man and killed him while he was building a house, his friend straightway killed a sorcerer whose evil eye he thought must be the cause of the accident.'

'There was a case that was told me as a lingering tradition of the bad old days when there was cannibalism on the Marquesas Islands. A man had killed a member of a cannibal tribe; I believe it was thought to be accidental, nevertheless his life was required by the friends of the dead man. So he was attacked in the forest when he had only one friend with him and clubbed to death. Then the cannibals tried to get his corpse so that his ghost would not walk and haunt them; but his friend fought them single-handed and

defended the body at the risk of his own life, keeping them all at bay until other villagers arrived to carry it to safety. This was an obligation of friendship, to ensure that the murdered man had a future existence. If he had been eaten by the cannibals there could have been no survival after death.'

'A sad story was told of a man who accidentally killed his own friend. Two young men living in different villages were close friends. One of them out of sheer wantonness stole into the other's hut at night to give him a fright, without calling out the word of greeting which they always used. Roused suddenly from sleep the youth snatched up a spear and dealt a fatal blow. It was useless that the friend when dying confessed he only meant to play a trick; this in no wise lifted the burden of guilt from the one who had possessed a 'friend belong him'—and had killed him. I do not know what happened to that boy. He left his village and never returned. He could not bear a social circle which knew what had happened, even though he was not to blame. Whether the ghost was supposed to be left behind I could not discover. Probably not. As it only existed in his own mind it would follow him everywhere, however far he wandered.'

'The obligations of courtesy were enforced in those days towards anybody who was adopted as a friend, and this sometimes led to surprising circumstances when I was the privileged



Machapuchare, in the Himalayas, seen from the south

J. O. M. Roberts

person; and I had to seek information about it to avoid blunders. On Bora - Bora, Society Islands, I was adopted by a family simply because I had temporary lodging in a new house of theirs which happened to be empty. I imagined that I had hired it, but rent was refused. There was no question of money being passed between us because I had automatically become one of the family since they consented to let me live in their house. I suddenly found myself rich in new relations. But one among many acts of courtesy from them impressed me deeply at the time. It emphasised the obligation incurred towards me as an adopted family friend. I sought

a place on the first day for bathing, and the women introduced me to a pool in the river used by women and children. But it was too populated for me and I discovered a small, unfrequented stream which would give me privacy. Next morning on arrival at that spot I found two palm fronds set up either side above the bank, and wondered for an instant whether I could be trespassing but concluded that this might mean a tabu—a warning to others that this was my private bath. And so it proved. Then I found that the pool had been improved by rocks and boughs placed to dam the stream and deepen the water. As I splashed luxuriously a man's voice—from a polite distance—asked whether it was a good wash-place now?

'I guessed that the owner of the voice must be the kindly architect, and probably a new uncle, and I called with enthusiasm that "Water 'e good, place 'e good, all 'e good!" Later I heard that the women had been severely censured for not understanding in the first place that I needed privacy for bathing. It had been a breach of hospitality necessitating my having to discover a place for myself. The men were probably glad to be given the chance of personal service, for all my new relatives were fairly tumbling over one another in their eagerness to help'.

GILT AND GOLD AT BRIGHTON

'Indian outside and Chinese inside, set against the most English of backgrounds, between the green of the Downs and the grey of the sea, and under a soft English sky—what an absurd, improbable extravaganza the Royal Pavilion is': CYRIL RAY was speaking about the Regency Pavilion at Brighton in 'Town and Country'. 'Yet', he went on, 'because of the self-confidence of the architect and the skill of the craftsmen who made it and the things inside it; because of the robust assurance of a people and a period whose furniture-makers and silversmiths were as much the masters of their own trades as their contemporaries Nelson and Wellington were of theirs—because of all this, the Pavilion at Brighton is more than just a frolic and a fantasy. It is the expression of a lively and a vigorous and a victorious age.'

'Look, for instance, at the solid splendour of the carved gilt chairs in the music room: they have only just been acquired and put on show, so they were never sat upon by the Prince Regent, but any one of them could have been—and by the Prince Regent at his very heaviest, when Beau Brummell asked a royal crony, "Who's your fat friend?"'

'These particular chairs are French, and not examples of the English craftsmanship of the time, but they are strictly of the period and could have been here by right of conquest if Wellington had gone in for looting works of art.



The dome of the banqueting hall at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton

A. F. Kersting

'But nearly everything else in this pleasure palace is English—both the permanent exhibits and the special pieces gathered together for the Regency Exhibition that goes on all through the summer. None of it is more splendid than the Londonderry silver—banqueting dishes and wine-coolers and tureens and racing cups in silver and silver-gilt, most of it made by Paul Storr, the greatest silversmith of his age. One of the Paul Storr pieces on show this summer is an inkstand in solid gold—nine-and-a-half pounds weight: the weight of an Army rifle in solid gold. And where all this gold came from was the snuff boxes given to Lord Castlereagh, the British representative at the Congress of Vienna

—sixteen gold snuff boxes each bearing the enamelled portrait of one of the monarchs of the Allied Powers who had conquered Napoleon. Castlereagh had the sixteen snuff boxes melted down and made into what is possibly the handsomest ink-stand ever fashioned'.

MUSIC WHILE YOU DRINK

'One day recently', said SAM POLLOCK in a Pacific Service talk, 'the proprietor of a Staffordshire public house was haled before his local magistrates, and fined £5 for an offence against the Public Health Act of 1897. The landlord's offence had been that he allowed the customers to raise their voices in song, on his premises, after "chucking-out" time. Even the magistrate admitted that it might seem odd to treat singing after licensed hours as a crime against Public Health. But the Act of 1897, it seems, is one of those portmanteau measures under which a person can be charged with any action calculated to alarm or disturb the neighbours—anything from throwing dead cats over their garden walls to causing unwarranted interference with their television reception.'

'The judgement of the Staffordshire magistrates has given rise to some anxiety in public-house musical circles. Up to now I think it had been assumed by most of us that if that most heartrending of cries: "Time, gentlemen, please!" found us in the middle of that most heartrending of melodies: "Nellie Dean", we were free to continue to the bitter end. Indeed the sorrow's crown of sorrow induced by the knowledge that there was no more beer to be had when it was all over has been known to add an almost unbearable poignancy to the singing of the final verse, which was exquisitely enjoyed by one and all. But apparently both singing and drinking must end together, prompt on the dot of ten o'clock or whatever the local limit is. The whole business of singing in public houses in Britain is extremely complicated. In Glasgow and, I believe, in most parts of Scotland, they will have none of it. Drinking, they seem to think up there, is a serious full-time occupation, admitting of no frivolous sidelines—darts, dominoes, singing, or anything else.'

'I remember a Welsh friend of mine, who was visiting me in Glasgow, buying a song sheet from a man outside a pub in Sauchiehall Street. Inside, we ordered our pints, and after a sample mouthful my friend, scanning the song sheet, started to croon quite softly "The Rose of Tralee". He had not got to the end of the first line, before a massive hand—the barman's—came from behind the counter, grabbed my friend's pint, refunded him his one-and-fourpence—the price of it in those days—and ordered him outside'.

Uncertain Sounds

The Rt. Hon. VINCENT MASSEY on the use and misuse of language*

CONFUCIUS one day was approached by a disciple who asked what he would do first if it were left to him to administer a country. The Master replied: 'It would certainly be to correct language'. His listeners were astonished. 'Surely', they said, 'this has nothing to do with the matter. Why should language be corrected?' The Master's answer (freely translated) was:

"If language is not correct then what is said is not what is meant; if what is said is not what is meant then what ought to be done remains undone; if this remains undone, morals and arts will deteriorate, justice will go astray, the people will stand about in helpless confusion. Hence there must be no arbitrariness in what is said. This matters above everything'.

One finds these words quoted as singularly apposite to our age of vast and complex communications. And, I must add, many who have never even heard of Confucius would, on reflection, admit that in modern parlance 'he had something'. He did indeed have something. So did St. Paul who expressed the same idea more pithily in these words: 'If the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself to the battle?'

I propose to take these two ancient sayings as my texts. I want to discuss the mainspring of all human affairs, that special mark of humanity by which mankind stands or falls—language.

Revolutionary Change

I need not remind you that in the time of Confucius and for many centuries thereafter, the multitude confined their language to speech, and that a very small minority expressed and exchanged their ideas in writing. Until modern times, the two aspects of language, speech and writing, might meet, but only very slowly did they mingle. Our own age has seen a revolutionary change. When I say our own age, I speak, of course, in rather broad terms, for I am thinking of the age of printing, which began some five hundred years ago. Confucius would have rejoiced to see the day of Gutenberg. He would have detected, almost certainly, the essential significance of his great invention—the device of movable type which made possible an unlimited number of identical and accurate copies of a published work.

There is no need to dwell upon the influence of the printed book on the growth of political democracy. Without the mechanical means of conveying information—and therefore the material for critical thought and judgement—to the ordinary man and the poor man, almost on terms of equality with his more privileged and wealthier neighbour, democracy would have been impossible, unthinkable, in the nation states of the modern world. The citizens of ancient democracies met in person, in one place, where everyone could see and hear. The people of modern states meet only through confidence in the printed book and the printed newspaper, whose voices speak clearly and coherently to all. Modern nations, one must add, can meet only in so far as language is, as Confucius would say, 'correct'; only so long as the trumpet gives a clear and certain sound.

I must add that, if democracies live on printing, modern governments live on and through and by paper. Many distracted civil servants and members of the armed forces, weighed down by copies in triplicate and worse, may groan that theirs are governments *for* paper. But in spite of their protests it is true that but for the mechanical word the elaborate services of our large centralised states would speedily perish from the earth.

What, then, has the printed word done? It gave man the opportunity, the hope of freedom and equality, because knowledge lay open to him and knowledge was power. It has, moreover, by making possible speedy and precise communication on practical matters, enabled large communities to carry on their affairs smoothly, efficiently, and profitably. It has helped to give us not only knowledge and freedom, but comfort and prosperity.

Many are now wondering whether we stand at the end of the age of printing, at the close of an era when a particular use of language for communication made possible a new and, as we believe, better form of political society. During this period writing and speech have almost merged. The writer no longer occupies a world of his own. Everyone reads, if not always very widely or very deeply. Almost everyone writes, if not very much or very well. Communication through the printed word is, therefore, complete. And, one might well say, if the beginning of this process made the individual more free, and society more united, so its completion ought to bring us to the perfection of freedom and unity.

Rivals of Reading

Yet, as I have suggested, there are those who think that the end is self-defeating. Ours is the age of the telephone and the cinema, of radio and of television. Many now appear to believe—and fear—that the new 'mass media' will push the book into the corner. In this age of automation, we shirk the labour of attention to the printed page. Our eyes are naturally caught by the colour and movement of the pictures, and our emotions are stirred by the warmth and vitality and variety of the human voice. Few of us need much urging to toss aside our books. Human nature has not changed much since Dr. Johnson declared that 'people in general do not willingly read if they can have anything else to amuse them'. What has changed is the variety and accessibility of the rival amusements.

There are some who hail with a cheer the new and bookless day, reminding us that the mass of mankind existed very well without books during most past ages, and may exist equally well without them in as many future ages as are vouchsafed to us. I do not, myself, find such arguments entirely convincing. I place myself among the traditionalists who do see a connection between the spread of the printed book and the growth of liberty and the extension of learning. I warmly applaud a recent writer who points out that there are three things that a book can do that the new mass media cannot do. The viewer or listener carried along by honeyed words or ornamental passages, cannot say 'Stop one moment and tell me again the assumption on which you are building this elaborate argument'; or, 'Let me know *now* just what you are trying to prove, so that I may make sure that you really make out your case'; or, 'Exactly what do you mean by this word or expression?' The reader of a book can do all these things. He can meditate and re-read. He is permitted and invited to work with the writer and on him, until he truly possesses him. The process can and often does lead not only to critical but to creative thought. Losing the habit of serious reading, we are deprived of valuable, perhaps essential, means to that end.

Two Offences in Written Speech

I am, however, encouraged by the assurance that, so far, books are not losing either their authority or their charm. Reviewers assure us that more books, and more good books, are being bought than ever before. Their reports are confirmed by a glance at any bookstall where Penguins, Pelicans, and Pans jostle Vulcans and Vintages in their endeavour to press their way into every man's modern library. The danger is not so much, I believe, that the reading public will desert good books, as that our abuse of the written language may ruin our books, our speech and, indeed, ourselves. It is commonly observed that our written speech requires correction. We err in two ways. First, we imitate too closely the spoken word, retaining its negligence, its informality, its blunders, while losing, unavoidably, the colour, the strength, the vigour of the spoken word. Our second crime

* This talk is a broadcast version of the Josiah Wood lecture given last February at the Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick (with whom the copyright rests).

is exactly the opposite of our first. When the subject is complex or academic, we throw overboard completely the strong simple language of speech and plunge into a new country, a shadowy place for the most part, finding and using the strangest verbal shapes and the most startling figures of speech.

It is this second crime that I would urge on your attention. Let me offer you a few samples of language that even Confucius might have despaired of correcting. For example, what would he make of this terse suggestion on how to build a lot of motor cars quickly:

The desirability of attaining unanimity so far as the general construction of the body is concerned is of considerable importance from the production aspect.

Or this simple comment of a man dissatisfied with his job:

It is not an avocation of a remunerative description.

But this last was said a century ago by Dickens' Mr. Micawber, who was good enough to add his own translation: 'in other words, it does not pay'. We now live, however, in a world of Micawbers who do not pause for the translator.

It is fair to say that our love for the magnificent generalisation is equalled by our taste for striking metaphors. These are no longer left to the poets. And we employ, very properly, strong, everyday words like 'the bottleneck', 'the ceiling'. Sometimes they get the better of us, as in this passage which brings to mind vague memories of *Alice in Wonderland*:

The effect of this announcement is that the total figure for 1950-51 . . . can be regarded as a floor as well as a ceiling.

An unwary scientist, in a serious statement, can speak with enthusiasm of 'a virgin field pregnant with possibilities'. We are fond of 'ironing out bottlenecks' and 'covering angles'; Metaphorically, however, we are at our best in the international field where the writer of a paper, striving to clarify I know not what, announced to the reader that he now had come to 'the hard core of the third slice of infrastructure'! This may have had something to do with the cold war—it certainly played a part in the cold war against the English language.

'Insightful Experiences'

As for words, we are never at a loss; if they do not exist, we invent them. We carry out purposeful projects in a meaningful manner in order to achieve insightful experiences. We diarise, we earlierise; any day we may begin to futurise. (Several examples of what might be called the newer English which I have offered come from Sir Ernest Gowers' famous hand-book on the subject.)

In this day, every kind of slovenly language finds its supporter. I know that shallow and pedantic defenders of popular English remind us that grammarians always lose in the end, when they struggle against 'the people'. I know, too, that every one of dozens of new professions and specialities must have its particular jargon to establish and defend its status. Those who strive to correct language today find themselves reviled at once by the 'expert' and by the self-appointed spokesman for the multitude. For all their talking, bad language is still bad, and the perverse use of bad language is a crime.

Why do I call language such as I have cited, bad? For several very simple reasons. First, it is verbose. It says in three pages what could be said in one. Secondly, it is ugly. It has neither shape nor form, harmony nor rhythm. Thirdly, it is obscure. The writer, having to say what might easily be clear after one reading, seems to take pleasure in compelling us to a second or even a third. After sorting out all the clauses and phrases and connecting words, we are still left wondering exactly what the writer means. And this is not surprising, for the sins of this form of writing are not confined to their effect on the reader.

If man, in using words, becomes inadequate in his own language, confusion must arise. It is too easy to assume that thought can exist independently of speech. One often hears it said 'he has excellent ideas but he cannot express them'. There may be some truth in such a statement; there is far more falsity. An idea comes to birth when it is expressed. Newman, very wise about such matters, says this:

Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one; style is a thinking out into language.

And, after describing the opposing view, he says with scorn:

As if language were the hired servant, a mere mistress of reason, and not the lawful wife in her own house.

How can we defend language from its enemies? I suppose the simplest answer would be that the price of pure speech is unflagging vigilance. It is surely the sign and the source of life and strength in a people. Today we are treating our language as the Victorians treated their building materials. As they needed more buildings of many different kinds for many different people, so we need more language of different sorts, for different purposes. Like the Victorian builders we have too much to do, we have to do it too quickly, and we have too much to do it with; and in the urgency of our task we can forget to be cautious and humble. Those who come after us will have to accept, for a time at least, many of the verbal devices that we pass on to them, ungainly and awkward though they may be.

'Ecclesiastes' Up to Date

There is another cause of bad language. I have mentioned government by paper. I could also mention buying and selling; conveying and exchanging; making; building; planning; discovering—all by paper. A vast number of people make their living today by writing, by reporting, recording, describing, explaining, directing. Very many of these people write badly. There are many reasons why they should do so. Some are ignorant and inexperienced and they write badly because they know no better. Others are not ashamed of writing badly but rather proud of writing at all and—with a certain vanity—are attracted by gorgeous words which give to their slender thoughts an appearance of power. Compare the majestic simplicity of a great passage in *Ecclesiastes* with George Orwell's version in what he humorously calls 'modern English'.

I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Here is Orwell's version:

Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.

Some offenders against language often are merely lazy. Nothing is more difficult, even in dealing with the most familiar and commonplace matters, than to find exactly the right word or phrase. And, most ominous of all, perhaps, many write badly because of cowardice, unacknowledged, possibly unconscious, but nonetheless debilitating. Sometimes, of course, such obscurity of language is purely conventional, as with the doctor who, when asked the meaning of the phrase 'bilateral, periobital haematoma and left subconjunctival haemorrhage', willingly translated it as 'two lovely black eyes'. But there are others who, it would seem, through fear or shame, can never call a spade a spade. They do not heal the sick, but they may take into consideration the rehabilitation of those suffering from 'psycho-physical maladjustment'; poor children to them are 'underprivileged adolescents'; slums are disguised as 'sub-standard areas'. There may be some reason for some of these easy evasions, but they are dangerous.

Linguistic Democrats

As I have suggested, there are many who scoff at any concern for the correction, the purity, the integrity of language and assure us that if only we would remember that language comes from the people and that the grammarians are always wrong in the end, all would be well. I am getting weary of reading these smart sayings. I wish that someone more competent than I would meet such linguistic democrats on their own ground and show them how little they know of either language or of democracy.

We may agree that oral communication is the living matter, the raw material on which all writing must be based, out of which all creative writing must be fashioned. Not all oral communication is alive, of course. All of us know persons whose conversation seems confined to barely articulated phrases. But it is a fact that in any human society so many people must talk so much that

there is not a chance but a certainty that someone will occasionally say something superlatively good. From the mass of ore which comprises their endless conversation, emerge the sparkling fragments which, tried in the fire of everyday usage, come out as fine gold. Is it true that grammarians inveigh uselessly against slang and grammatical solecisms—uselessly because slang always wins in the end? Nothing could be more untrue. What could be staler than 99 per cent. of last year's current sayings? But the 1 per cent., the hundredth new word or phrase, will survive in spite of all the grammars and dictionaries can say. It survives because of its beauty, its precision, its power to convey something new in human experience, or to show something old in a new light. It survives precisely because it has the true quality of poetry, for all good prose must grow from poetry, and must constantly be purified by it.

Language, then, is largely born from the speech of the multitude and is constantly being refreshed by the vigorous action of popular speech. Where (in this scheme of creation) do the writers come in? I am speaking now not of those whose sins I have deplored, but of the writer who is an artist. His art is deliberately to convey in words what he has seen, felt, thought, or in any way experienced. Or, more exactly, it is his art to see, feel, experience, think *in words*. Whether in poetry or in prose, the writer takes the living but undifferentiated speech of the people and gives it form, coherent, harmonious, beautiful. The parts are given to him and he must be true to them; but the whole is his creation. It is the whole created by the writer that gives coherence and consistency to everyday communication, lifting it above the level of the daily round and making it symbolic of life.

The Much-maligned Grammarian

I have tried to describe to you the two creators of language: the exuberant spontaneity of the crowd and the conscious creative art of the writer. I do not, for a moment, forget the guardian of the treasure, the much-maligned grammarian, the scholar. It may be true that without the vigour of the multitude, language would become bloodless and feeble; it is equally true that without the scholar's anxious, refining criticism, it would be corpulent and unwieldy. But today there is a dangerous shifting of forces. With our increasingly stereotyped experiences, everyday speech may lose much of its originality, spontaneity, and freshness. Moreover, it may actually be stifled by the amount of reading and writing that is going on. More people today read than ever before, but far more people write—and too many of them do not write well. Many, as we have seen, do not even try to write well. For them, writing is only the dull and careless

assembling of prefabricated parts with, here and there, a cunning twist where they think it may serve. There are fine writers and great writers still, of course, perhaps more than ever before. But the number of true writers—those who know that experience and the expression of experience are inseparable—has not increased at all proportionately to the number of readers. The danger is that the spontaneous creative power of the people may simply be damped out by the mass of so-called 'literature' which is offered to them.

Writing as a Craft

What is the remedy? The task before us is to influence the ordinary writer, the man who, perhaps, does not call himself a writer but who reads, who writes, and is read. He would not call himself an artist; but neither is he an unskilled worker. He is—or he should be—a craftsman. As a craftsman he has his own essential role and standards. Practice in the manual trades is governed by regulations. The standards of a writer can be influenced only by his own conscience and the criticism of his readers. It is not possible, nor is it even desirable, that all writers should be artists, for artists, because they are creators, are also experimenters. Not all of their experiments turn out well. They are allowed and expected to break the rules in the hope that some day they will reveal a new order. We also need writers who are craftsmen. Not only do they know and practise the obvious rules of correct writing, they remember also the fundamental principle that underlies all good writing. As in architecture, the basic structure is the important thing. Decoration can be added only with care and discrimination. The writer must communicate clearly and unambiguously and, if possible, with grace and harmony. He can do this only if, so far as in him lies, he feels with imagination and discerns with humour, and if he thinks carefully and honestly; if, to use a familiar admonition, he can 'stop, look, and listen'.

We have no lack of good artist-writers and no want of serious readers. But our language will be in peril until we can train the craftsmen who, abjuring all uncertain sounds, fix their hearts and minds on the good writing that is rooted in clarity, in honesty, in simplicity. When I struggle through the daily spate of feeble, synthetic, and perfunctory writing, I am reminded of the counsel that Philip Sidney said he had received when, deeply troubled, he endeavoured to write to his lady:

'Fool!' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write!'

The writer of prose must never forget the essence of poetry, an honesty of mind which compels spontaneity.—*Home Service*

Hardinge of Lahore—II

S. H. F. JOHNSTON on the professional soldier*

HENRY HARDINGE was a soldier from the age of fifteen, when he was gazetted to his first regiment, the Queen's Rangers in Canada, until his death, fifty-seven years later, when he was a Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. The background from which he came was that of the eighteenth-century country gentry—his father was a clergyman holding one of the richest benefices in the kingdom—and his early military career has the typical eighteenth-century flavour. He buys a lieutenancy in the 4th Foot and immediately goes on half-pay. He returns to full pay in the 1st Royals, exchanges into the 47th and then in 1804 purchases a captaincy in the 57th West Middlesex. Two years later, however, an event occurred which reminds us that Hardinge was a professional soldier of the nineteenth century. He became a student in the senior department of the Royal Military College at High Wycombe, the direct ancestor of the present Staff College.

The college had been founded in 1799, the very year of Hardinge's entry into the army, and its chief instructor was still

the French *émigré* general Jarry, formerly a colleague of Berthier, Napoleon's chief of staff. The object of the new college was to train staff officers and after 1807, the year Hardinge graduated from it, it became the regular channel of entry into the Quartermaster-General's department or, as we would now call it, the General Staff. Although he was to see plenty of action and to be wounded four times, Hardinge was only once, and that for a brief period in the closing stages of the Peninsular War, to be employed in direct command of troops after he left High Wycombe. He had become a qualified staff officer, one of the first of the type.

The career, indeed often the whole personal development, of a staff officer is largely dependent on the commander he serves and here Hardinge was fortunate. From the beginning he was Wellington's man. Sir John Moore made a considerable impression on him, largely because he was the only officer present when Moore received his fatal wound at Corunna, but his presence on the retreat was the result of chance and his allegiance was already given elsewhere. For the decisive period in Hardinge's life was

* A previous talk on Hardinge, based on his private papers, appeared in *THE LISTENER* on July 11.

the Portuguese campaign of 1808, the only time when he served directly under Wellington. He was present at the battles of Roliça and Vimeiro, at the latter of which he received the first of his wounds. What he saw made a tremendous impression on him. The new general was a man who could win victories in Europe as well as in India. And it was in this campaign that Wellington must have formed his high opinion of Hardinge's qualities as a staff officer, an opinion which later often led him to 'send for Hardinge' when he wanted information about the Portuguese or when he had a particular job to be done.

With the Portuguese Army

After Corunna, Hardinge purchased a majority and for the rest of the Peninsular War served on the staff of the Portuguese army under Marshal Beresford. He was present at most of the great actions of the war, played an important part in the winning of the battle of Albuera, was twice wounded, and at Orthez and Toulouse commanded a Portuguese brigade. During the Hundred Days he acted as liaison officer at Blücher's headquarters and lost his left hand at Ligny. He came back to England in 1819 after serving with the Army of Occupation in France. He was now Sir Henry Hardinge, a colonel in the Guards, and he brought with him Napoleon's own sword, a gift from the Duke of Wellington.

In many ways the years after 1819 belonged to Wellington's young men. They are to be found in the most varied spheres of activity—the army, which they dominate until after the Crimean War, the newly formed police forces, administration at home and in the colonies. Hardinge chose politics and for over twenty years sat in the House of Commons. In 1823 Wellington, then Master General of the Ordnance, appointed him Clerk of the Ordnance. Five years later, when the Duke was Prime Minister and he had to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of the Canningites, he brought in two of his former staff officers as members of the Cabinet. Sir George Murray, chief of Wellington's staff in the Peninsula, became Secretary of State for the Colonies and Hardinge became Secretary-at-War, a post that had been held for the past eighteen years by Lord Palmerston. These two appointments were the target of Opposition jeers—the ministry was described as a 'Cabinet of aides-de-camp'—but they were in keeping with Wellington's conception of government. The Duke was never a true party man. In his view the business of a government was to govern and administer, and who could do that better than the men upon whom he had relied in Spain?

It was a considerable departure for the Secretaryship-at-War to be held by a soldier, although after the death of the Duke of York, when George IV contemplated the assumption of the command of the army, it had been suggested that a military man would have to be appointed as Secretary-at-War. Hardinge held the office twice, from 1828 to 1830 and, with Peel as Prime Minister, from 1841 to 1844. The duties of the office were concerned with administration rather than policy and the qualities which had made Hardinge a successful staff officer were exactly those which were needed in his new post. In effect he was the principal accounting officer of the army and his main task was the preparation and presentation of the annual army estimates. The mastering of complicated details, the administration of recruiting and posting and pensions—these were things which Hardinge could do well. As Wellington once said: 'He always understands what he undertakes, and undertakes nothing but what he understands'.

An Unusual Duty

His first period of office brought him an unusual duty which could hardly have fallen to him but for his professional career in the army. In 1829 Wellington felt obliged to challenge Lord Winchelsea because of comments which had been made about Wellington's change of front on the issue of Catholic Emancipation. It was Hardinge who delivered the challenge and Hardinge who acted as the Duke's second at the meeting in Battersea Fields. There was a touch of comedy in the Prime Minister's remark to a Cabinet minister—'Now then, Hardinge, look sharp and step out the ground. I have no time to waste. Damn it! don't stick him up so near the ditch. If I hit him he will tumble in'—and in the spectacle of a Field Marshal and the Secretary-at-War

so flagrantly breaking the Articles of War. Fortunately the episode ended happily. Both duellists deliberately fired wide and the Duke was satisfied with a hurriedly pencilled apology. Hardinge appears in this episode not only as a friend of his great chief but as a friend whose judgement could be relied upon.

It was that quality which attracted the notice of his second Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, and led to his appointment as Governor-General of India. The correspondence between Peel and Hardinge preserved at Penshurst shows that Hardinge was a trusted colleague often consulted on matters with which he was not immediately concerned. Hardinge's work in India has already been dealt with in this series of programmes, but one aspect of it has a bearing on the theme of this talk, his relations with Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief in India, like Hardinge, a Peninsular veteran. It was unfortunate for Gough, as it would have been for any soldier, that Hardinge was not only a professional soldier but senior to him in the Army List. Hardinge made two mistakes in his handling of the situation. First, when the Sikh War began, he accompanied Gough's army as second-in-command, and then he used his position as Governor-General to overrule a decision of Gough's.

There never was any open friction between the two men, but Hardinge's views were expressed in a 'secret and confidential' letter he wrote to Peel on December 30, 1845, after the battles of Mudki and Ferozeshah:

Fortune and the bravery of our British Troops has favoured us during the whole of these arduous operations . . . and yet it is my duty to Her Majesty, and to you as the head of the government to state most confidentially that we have been in the greatest peril and are likely hereafter to be in great peril if these very extensive operations are to be conducted by the C.C. These are painful avowals for me to make to you—and not to communicate to him—I rely on your friendship to justify the disclosure of my sentiments in a case where the safety of India is at stake. Gough is a brave and fearless officer—an honourable and amiable man—and in despite of differences a fine tempered Gentleman and an excellent leader of a Brigade in a Division . . . [but] he is not the officer who ought to be entrusted with the conduct of the war in the Punjab.

Hardinge's Distrust of Gough

Hardinge's views naturally caused concern at home and, on the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington, it was decided to send him letters of service as a Lieutenant-General on the Staff to enable him to take personal command of all the troops in India. But by the time this despatch arrived it was no longer necessary. Gough had won victories at Aliwal and Sobraon and Hardinge had negotiated the Treaty of Lahore. Yet success did not prove that Hardinge's criticisms were wrong. Hardinge continued to think that Gough's conduct was unwise. In a letter to Peel he puts his finger on what was probably the cause of his distrust of Gough as a commander: 'Sir Hugh Gough has no capacity for order or administration . . . his staff is very bad and the state of the army is loose, disorderly and unsatisfactory'. Here is the graduate of High Wycombe speaking. And it is certainly true that Gough owed his success almost entirely to his own unconquerable fighting spirit and the bravery of his troops. Nor can it be argued that Hardinge was the mere staff officer, critical because things were not being done in the regulation way. His behaviour during the campaign shows him to have had a considerable flair for the handling of troops in spite of the handicap caused by his dual position, a subordinate commander who was also ultimately responsible for the government of India.

There are not a few reminiscences of Wellington in Hardinge's letters from India to Peel and in the other papers which have survived from the period of his Governor-Generalship. There is a memorandum on the siting and planning of barracks with suggestions for barrack discipline and the comfort of the troops. Another memorandum deals with the relative merits of elephants and bullocks as draught animals. There is a Wellingtonian tartness in some of his comments. Native troops are 'as good as our Peninsular allies, liable to panics which our British troops are not, but they have their fighting days'. He tells Peel that Charles Napier's 'ambition is to be original and eccentric and he therefore dashes into extreme opinions disdaining the more simple dictates of common sense. But he is very clever, very agreeable, warm-

hearted and an excellent officer'. And one of the first things he did after his arrival in India was to revoke Bentinck's order abolishing corporal punishment in the native army.

Hardinge, now raised to the peerage as Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, came back to England in 1848. Peel's government had fallen after the repeal of the Corn Laws, but the new Whig ministry led by Lord John Russell decided to send Hardinge on special duty to Ireland where the coalition between Smith O'Brien and the Young Ireland party threatened an outbreak of rebellion. Greville in his memoirs says that Wellington disapproved of this appointment, but the Hardinge papers contain a letter from the Duke to General Blakeney setting out the considerations governing the use of troops in support of the civil power and it is likely that Greville was wrong. (He often was; he thought the Wellington-Winchelsea duel was fought at Richmond.) Hardinge, however, had no need for his old chief's advice, for Smith O'Brien was soon captured and sentenced to transportation.

In 1852 Hardinge succeeded Lord Anglesey, Wellington's cavalry commander at Waterloo, as Master-General of the Ordnance, but before the year was out Wellington died and Hardinge took his place as Commander-in-Chief. Hardinge's achievement in this office has been underestimated, probably because of the shadow cast on the whole army by the Crimean War which broke out in 1854. Yet he proposed two things which were to have important consequences. The first was the purchase of 9,000 acres at Aldershot to be used for training purposes, an idea which followed on the success of the great camp of exercise which he had held at Chobham in 1853. The other was the decision to adopt the Enfield rifle as the principal weapon of the British infantry, the weapon that, in Mr. Russell's words, smote the Russians 'like a destroying angel'. Hardinge, like his master, still retained an interest in the practical. Aldershot and the Enfield rifle were to transform the British army in the second half of the nineteenth century.

Hardinge's weakness, however, was that he was too old and had lived too long under the shadow of the great Duke to make any fundamental changes in a system which had been good enough for Wellington. He forgot that the Peninsular War and Waterloo had been won by young men under a commander who was only forty-five when his greatest victory had been won. The Crimean War, unfortunately, was largely controlled by Wellington's men now grown old. Lord Raglan, the commander in the field, was only three years younger than Hardinge. In any case, the Commander-in-Chief had little responsibility for the conduct of the war. The size of the army and the way in which it was employed were matters for the Cabinet.

Although Hardinge was very much Wellington's man, he differed from him in one important respect. Wellington was never a deeply religious man; he had all the eighteenth-century distrust of 'enthusiasm'. Hardinge, on the other hand, seems to have had a quiet but deep religious faith. Among his papers is a manuscript containing 'Religious Thoughts' written in 1819 'shortly after his return from the Army of Occupation at the close of the Peninsular War'. The first part of the manuscript was

written on November 22 'at night having just finished reading the New Testament', and on four subsequent occasions he added further reflections. These reflections were perhaps not very profound. They dealt with the evidences for Christianity, the immortality of the soul and other topics, and he stated that his motive for setting them down was so that he might read them again if he should ever 'grow lukewarm in his faith'. These reflections confirm the view of Hardinge as a soldier typical of his century, for a strong religious, and even evangelical, vein can be found in a great many officers of the British army in the nineteenth century.

On October 18, 1855, Hardinge was promoted Field-Marshal, but within a year he died at the age of seventy-two. He was buried at Fordcombe near Penshurst and at the funeral the coffin bore Napoleon's sword, the gift of Wellington. It is perhaps unfair to describe him as a staff officer *par excellence*. When he did handle troops he did it well—in command of a brigade at Aire or as Gough's subordinate in the first Sikh War. It was not his fault that he had no opportunity to show what he could do with an army. Had the opportunity come his way, I fancy that he would have used it well.

He certainly possessed the military knowledge required, no one doubted his will to fight, and his behaviour at Albuera and some of his strictures of Gough seem to show that he had the ability to read a battle situation rapidly and accurately. The one thing lacking perhaps was good luck. He might have been too prone to wounds to become a great commander.

His greatest quality which he shared with, if he did not learn from, Wellington was his loyalty and sense of duty. His loyalty to Peel left him a Conservative Free Trader until the end of his life, yet he felt obliged to accept Derby's offer of the post of Master-General of the Ordnance, provided that his acceptance 'was limited to the military administration of that department, without requiring from me any change of political opinion'. Here was a man who was loyal to his friends, but at the same time loyal to his country and the army he had served so long. Like

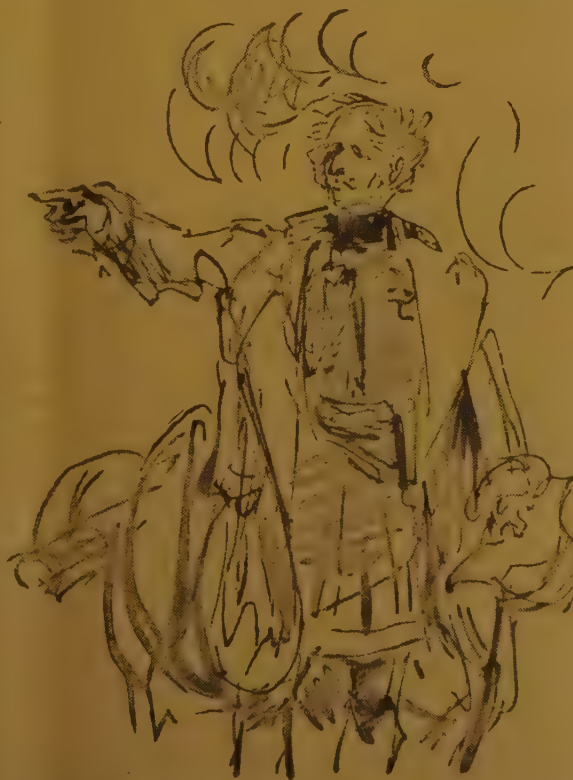
Wellington, he could say 'I am *nimmukwallah*, as we say in the East; that is, I have ate of the King's salt, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and wherever the King or his government may think proper to employ me.'

—Third Programme

To commemorate the birth of Sir Edward Elgar, O.M. (1857-1934), the Department of Manuscripts of the British Museum is exhibiting part of its collection of Elgar manuscripts which, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. C. Elgar Blake, the composer's daughter, is the finest in any public institution. The exhibition includes the five autograph full scores of the Violin Concerto, the First Symphony in A flat, the 'Enigma Variations', 'The Apostles', and the Quintet in A minor, which were deposited on indefinite loan in the Department of Manuscripts by Mrs. Elgar Blake in 1934; three manuscript sketch books lent by her for this exhibition; a selection of Elgar's autograph sketches and drafts of a number of his works such as 'The Dream of Gerontius', 'The Kingdom', 'The Apostles', 'Falstaff', 'Sea Pictures' and smaller works, presented by her in 1949, and a few letters acquired from another source.



The Duke of Wellington (1769-1852): a portrait by T. Heaphy in 1813
National Portrait Gallery



Viscount Gough (1779-1869): a pencil sketch by Sir Francis Grant, presented to the National Portrait Gallery by Viscount Hardinge in 1888

The Poet in the Imaginary Museum

The second of two talks by DONALD DAVIE

IN my last talk* I discussed the modern poet's attitude to his art, and in particular to the past history of poetry. The intelligent poet today finds himself in a certain historical situation *vis-à-vis* poetry and past poetry; and I tried to define this, by asking how the poet's situation differs from the painter's, the sculptor's, and the musical composer's.

The situation in which these practitioners of the other arts find themselves has been defined by M. André Malraux as 'the imaginary museum'. What M. Malraux means is that the modern painter, for instance, differs from painters of all previous ages precisely in his relation to the past achievements of painting. Thanks in the first place to technicians who evolved modern methods of colour-reproduction, but thanks also to modern anthropologists who have shown how many and various are the cultural and artistic traditions of mankind, the painter today has at his immediate disposal virtually the whole corpus of paintings of all ages and localities. The same is true in some degree of the sculptor and, thanks to gramophone-recordings, of the musician. All these artists find themselves free to pick and choose among all the artistic styles of the past, in a way their predecessors could not.

No Technical Revolution in Poetry

The same is not true of the modern poet. For in relation to the art of poetry there has been no technical revolution in the medium of reproduction—nothing since the invention of printing in the fifteenth century. Neither that revolution, nor any other that one can conceive, in the reproduction of poetry, could have effects as far-reaching on poetry as revolutions in techniques of reproduction have had on painting and on music; this is so, because the medium of all the other arts is international as the medium of poetry is not. A poem is written in some one of the languages of the world, and is available (leaving aside the vexed question of poetic translation) only to readers who know that language.

So it comes about that the poet's situation is peculiarly difficult; in so far as poetry shares in 'a modern movement' common to all the arts (and it seems plain that to some extent it does so share, feeling the impact, no less than the other arts, of modern anthropology, for instance), the poet shares with the other artists a new attitude towards the cultural and artistic past of the race, a new freedom in picking and choosing among the styles of the past. Yet in so far as the medium of poetry is not international as the other media are, the poet finds himself less free of the riches of the past than the painter is, if only because most of the poems of the past are in languages he does not understand. Thus the poet stands awkwardly with one foot inside the imaginary museum, one foot out of it.

It seems to me that you have to grasp this before you can understand the procedures and achievements of the great American, Irish, and English poets of this century. First I will look at their theories, then at what is more important, their practice—their styles. Obviously the theories we are after are those that have to do with 'tradition', the theories to be found in Mr. Eliot's essay on *Tradition and the Individual Talent* and Pound's essays *How to Read* and *The A.B.C. of Reading*; and I would like to add Dr. Leavis' rejoinder to Pound, his *How to Teach Reading*. To take the last one first, it seems to me that Dr. Leavis' essay has had the effect of swinging academic criticism away from Pound's solution of the problem, away from Pound's understanding of tradition, and behind Mr. Eliot's—or rather behind what Dr. Leavis took to be Mr. Eliot's position, for Mr. Eliot's essay is evasive and self-contradictory in the extreme.

Dr. Leavis, being like almost all academic critics vowed to the principle and the fact of independent schools of English in our universities, has in effect and perhaps without knowing it committed his followers—which is to say, in varying degrees, nearly all the best critics in these islands—to an extreme provincialism,

which assumes (what is in fact wildly improbable) that the poetry extant in our own language affords a paradigm or microcosm of poetry as a whole. As for the evasiveness of Mr. Eliot's essay, let me remind you only of the passage quoted *ad nauseam* which says the poet must feel 'that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order'. There is also that other passage where we learn that 'The poet must be very conscious of the main current, which does not at all flow invariably through the most distinguished reputations'. The thousand-dollar question, as it seems to me, is 'How do you detect a main current through a simultaneous order?'

What is more interesting is to ask why Mr. Eliot is so evasive; and I believe the answer is that he is struggling towards a perception of what I have called the betwixt-and-between situation of modern poetry, trying to accommodate a perception of the imaginary museum, of any number of different traditions and different styles all equally available, with the incompatible notion of *one* tradition, a central tradition. Some of his later criticism (for instance *What is a Classic*) shows him solving this deadlock by discriminating between those styles such as Milton's which are usefully available at one period and not at another, and those others such as Dante's and Virgil's which are available at all times and are thereby truly 'classic'.

But this was precisely the position which Pound had reached years before. His *A.B.C. of Reading* shows him as aware as Mr. Eliot of how poetry stands with one foot in the museum and one foot out of it. And with admirable directness Pound there specifies, out of all the traditions hung on the walls of the museum, which it is absolutely necessary for the modern poet to take account of, which of them are—as Mr. Eliot would put it—perpetually available and thereby 'classic'. Pound's list of required reading is not 'out of the question'; it is not 'more than any one man can cope with'. One may cavil at this name or that, supplement the list here or cut it back there, but it is no good turning away with a gibe just because the pedagogue includes in his list one of the traditions of Chinese poetry, and the tradition of Provençal. After all, he is prepared to consider reading in translations, as his critic Dr. Leavis (aligning himself with the huffiest academic opinion) is not.

The Answer of Style

But the poet's attitude to the poetic past, his understanding of what 'tradition' is as a fact of his experience, manifests itself far more certainly in the way he writes, in his style, than in any theoretical formulations. The chief advantage of looking at modern poetry from the point of view of the imaginary museum is that only from this standpoint do poetic styles as various as those of Wallace Stevens and T. S. Eliot, of Ezra Pound and W. B. Yeats, appear as so many different (yet related) answers to one and the same problem—the problem of a radically changed relationship to the poetic past, a relationship which must be different from Tennyson's or Pope's, yet also from that of a Matisse or a Mestrovic, a Stravinsky or a Corbusier.

This seems to me the radical problem facing the modern poet. Much has been made of the challenge presented to modern poetry by the new sciences of psychology, for instance, and sociology; but the real challenge is that of anthropology, which underpins those others. Or again one hears of the disadvantage for the poet of having no one coherent system of mythology and symbolism on which to draw and in terms of which to communicate; but this too is only an aspect of the same thing—because the problem for the poet is not that he has no mythology to use, but that he has no one such mythology, in other words that he has too many mythologies to choose among and nothing to direct him which one to choose in any given case, nothing

to tell him which of the innumerable galleries in the imaginary museum are those he should frequent.

Take one example: our still general distaste, as critics, for archaism in poetic diction. If we are asked to justify this aversion of ours, we say that poetry should 'express its age', not escape into some age of the past. And we quote the judgement of Gerard Manley Hopkins that the language of poetry should be 'the current language heightened', based on the spoken language of its time.

Yet if (as Malraux has argued) what is specifically 'modern' about the modern age is its changed attitude to the past, then the modern poet will express his age, express the modern sensibility, precisely by picking and choosing, manipulating and adapting, among the poetic styles of the past. Faced with a work out of the imaginary museum like Ezra Pound's translation (version, imitation, whatever) of the Confucian Classic Anthology of Chinese poetry, our distaste for archaism in diction is worse than useless; for the poet's achievement there is precisely in choosing now this, now that style from the English past in order to convey now this, now that mode of ancient Chinese sensibility. We cannot any more—though we still do, I am afraid—endorse without large qualifications Hopkins' famous manifesto in favour of 'the current language heightened'. We shall have to learn to take this as part of Hopkins' Victorianism, not his 'modernity'; it was a position possible only before the advent of the imaginary museum.

When Archaism Is 'A Bad Thing'

Yet we do not have to relinquish our conviction that there is indeed a sort of archaism in poetic diction which, other things being equal, is 'a bad thing'. Often, still, we encounter poems which we know to be bad just because they advertise, in their diction and style, an elaborate pretence or a mistaken conviction that nothing has changed since the death of Keats. In these cases, what we get, instead of the original poem which the poet thought he was writing, is an unconscious pastiche or sometimes an unconscious parody of poems by Keats. But it is just here that the modern poet can cut in: our objections are silenced as soon as the poet, when he uses a style from the past, makes it plain to the reader that he knows what he is doing—that his is a conscious pastiche or a conscious parody. Pastiche and parody, from this point of view, are matters of degree; and we have to say that there is an element of pastiche or of parody whenever a poet gives the merest indication—as it were a slightly lifted eyebrow—to show that he is well aware, even as he writes Keatsian verse, that a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since Keats wrote as he did. An elementary device of this kind—rather a heavy-handed one—is the use by Ezra Pound in *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, of hovering quotation-marks:

For three years, out of key with his time,
He strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry; to maintain 'the sublime'
In the old sense...

Here the quotation-marks about 'the sublime', no less than the phrase 'In the old sense', show the poet is aware that the concept of 'the sublime', once a serious principle informing a poetic style of the past, is no longer viable, though not for that reason to be laughed entirely out of court. Or again, far more deftly and unobtrusively, a modern poet may acknowledge the element of pastiche in his writing after an archaic manner, by carrying his archaic language on a just slightly inappropriate metre. Or, yet again, the poet's awareness of the element of parody may be made as plain as it is by Eliot in the 'Four Quartets' when, after a passage in delicately wrought seventeenth-century manner, he begins a new paragraph with

That was a way of putting it; not very satisfactory.

But, as that last example should have indicated, the most delicate way of acknowledging an element of parody or pastiche in a passage of writing is simply to set it beside something deliberately incongruous, so that the incongruity effects an ironic detachment from both. When the passages chosen are slightly adapted quotations from specific poems of the past, what we get is a modification of an ancient poetic genre, the cento.

But the principle is just the same when the items juxtaposed

are not quotations from specific past poems, but careful imitations of specific past styles. By writing in this way the poets acknowledge, on the one hand that, like the painter, they are free to pick and choose as never before among the styles of the past; on the other hand that this unprecedented freedom is bought at a cost—the cost of never feeling entirely at home in any one of the styles they adopt. The modern style in poetry is the arrangement in new patterns of the styles of the past. To try to forge a style independent of the past can only produce poems which are, if not bad, at best minor and provincial achievements, for the good if paradoxical reason that what is specifically modern about the modern age in art is precisely its catholic and uncommitted attitude to all the ages of the past.

I have been doing no more than just glancing over the surface, indicating without really exploring some of the ways in which an apprehension of the imaginary museum situation can be made to serve analysis and evaluation of modern poetic procedures. There are other ways, just as there are other devices than those of Eliot and Pound for acknowledging the element of parody or pastiche; Wallace Stevens, for instance, has perfected a whole range of other most delicate stylistic devices to the same purpose. At some point it might be necessary and I think possible, though difficult, to distinguish parody from pastiche.

Again—I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth—I believe it could be shown that whereas English poets younger than Eliot have failed by not realising that the imaginary museum situation bears on poetry at all, American poets of those generations have mostly failed by accepting the imaginary museum too whole-heartedly, not realising poetry's partially special position. Or again there is the interesting question of those poets in English—Robert Graves and Edwin Muir are examples—who have taken abundant note of modern anthropological researches; I believe it could be shown that this does not redeem them from provincialism, if only because they have applied themselves to distinguishing one or two archetypal patterns underlying apparent cultural diversity: and this is the sort of thing that older anthropologists, such as Frazer, did, whereas modern anthropology insists, as Malraux insists, on a diversity which is irreducible, of any number of culture-patterns each of them *sui generis*.

Formal Perfection Precluded

There is one more point that is worth making, because it is important—at least, to some people. If the modern style in poetry is as I have defined it, one can say of it that it precludes formal perfection. At some point, it appears, there must always be a flaw in the mirror, a deliberately contrived maladjustment between content and form; the modern poem can never speak for itself as completely as, say, a poem by Dryden. The illusion must, if only for an instant, be broken; the convention at some point must be deliberately transgressed. The modern poet must always, as it were, peep round from behind his poem, to advise the reader—if by no more than a lifted eyebrow or a sidelong glance—that the poem is not to be trusted all the way, that there are modes of experience or ways of saying things which the poet is aware of though his poem on its own account is not.

To be sure this is to understand 'form' in an inadequate, even a rather mechanical way; for in a more sophisticated understanding of poetic form the very breaking of illusion and convention, the very flaw of the surface, is itself a formal artifice of a delicate kind. All the same the point remains that a poem by Dryden enjoys a kind of formal beauty and completeness that no poem by Mr. Eliot enjoys, that (we have got as far as this) no truly modern poem can enjoy.

If I am right, before the imaginary museum situation arose, poems could be complete in themselves, self-dependent, cut loose from the poet who wrote them, in a way no modern poem can be. That sort of pleasure can be afforded by modern poems only when they are minor, even provincial achievements. I have sympathy with those poets (such as Robert Graves, I suspect) who care so much for this kind of poetic pleasure that they choose to write minor poems possessing it, rather than major poems which must do without it; and equally I sympathize with those modern readers who for the same reason would rather read the minor poems of our age than the major ones.

—Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

July 10-16

Wednesday, July 10

Chancellor of the Exchequer in a speech in London speaks about the problem of inflation

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev begin talks with Czechoslovak leaders in Prague

British Government sends medical help to victims of Persian earthquake

Thursday, July 11

Minister of Transport gives details of plans for dealing with London's traffic problems

In a speech in Czechoslovakia Mr. Khrushchev stresses need for unity among Communist countries

House of Lords debates state assistance for the arts

Friday, July 12

Chancellor of the Exchequer makes another speech on the problem of inflation

International Bank announces that India is to be lent over £30,000,000 to modernise her railway system

Saturday, July 13

President Eisenhower and the Prime Minister of Pakistan publish a statement about their talks in Washington

Conference of British Medical Association urges Government to provide sums to build new hospitals

The King's Cup Air Race is won for the first time by a jet aircraft

Sunday, July 14

President Coty takes salute at a military parade in Paris to mark Bastille Day

The Meteorological Office announces that it is experimenting with a new method of long-range weather forecasting

Monday, July 15

White Paper is published on overseas information services. Government expenditure to be increased by £2,000,000

General Franco announces that the monarchy is to be restored in Spain upon his own death or retirement

Stoppage of work at Covent Garden market interferes with distribution of fruit and vegetables

Tuesday, July 16

Minister of Labour decides to refer provincial bus dispute to arbitration by Industrial Disputes Tribunal

Twelve hundred men stop work at Covent Garden: emergency arrangements are made to move supplies

Communiqué on Soviet leaders' visit to Czechoslovakia states that there is complete unity between two countries



His Highness the Aga Khan, who died on July 11. The Aga Khan was the spiritual head of the Ismaili Muslims, numbering some 4,000,000. Born in Karachi he succeeded his father at the age of eight and completed his education in England. He was one of the founders of the All-India Muslim League, Chairman of the British-India delegation to the Round Table Conference in London in the early nineteen-thirties, and represented India at the World Disarmament Conference before the second world war. He supported the Allied cause in both world wars and received many British honours. A great lover of the turf, he was the owner of five Derby winners



Prince Karim, who has been nominated by his grandfather, the late Aga Khan, to succeed him as Imam. The 11-year-old prince is seen at a ceremony last week at his grandfather's villa in Switzerland when he was presented to members of the Ismaili sect



The saloon of Saltram House, Plympton, Devon, which has been acquired, together with 291 acres of park and woodland, by the National Trust. This large Georgian house contains some of the finest eighteenth-century decoration in the west of England. The saloon and the dining room were decorated by Robert Adam and contain the fittings and carpets designed by him



The waiters' race which was held on July 14; each entrant had to carry a tray of open-air service of dedication





Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, wearing a miner's helmet, photographed during a visit to the Roan Antelope copper mine at Luanshya—the largest in the Commonwealth—during her tour of Northern Rhodesia last week



The Russian leaders, Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin driving through Wenceslas Square, Prague, on their arrival in the Czechoslovak capital on July 10 for a tour of the country. (Mr. Bulganin is in the second car.) Sitting behind Mr. Khrushchev is the President of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Antonin Zapotocky



Features of the opening day of the annual Soho Fair, London, on July 11, including a relay race with half a bottle of wine, a glass, and an ash-tray. At an early hour a relay race was read in English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and towards there was a carnival procession



Members of a Norwegian choir from Oslo, wearing national dress, photographed in Llangollen, North Wales, on their way to take part in a competition in the International Musical Eisteddfod there last week

Left: Britain's first planetarium which is nearing completion on a site adjoining Madame Tussaud's, Marylebone, London. Visitors will be able to follow the movement of the stars and planets projected on the inside of the dome



Derek Ibbotson, the British Olympic runner, winning the three-mile race during the A.A.A. Championships at White City last Saturday. His time of 13 minutes 20.8 seconds set up a new British all-comers record

How we try to be singularly plural!

A STATEMENT OF COMPANY POLICY BY THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE REED PAPER GROUP

"One of the most important problems facing industry today is that of reconciling the size of the large business with the initiative which is traditionally the hallmark of the small one. Once upon a time, it was said of us that we were 'a nation of shopkeepers'. But inevitably, of course, the more successful and progressive of the smaller businesses had to grow—both of themselves and by absorbing, taking over or amalgamating with others. The result has been to create a problem of *size*—of largeness for those concerns which have grown and grown and of smallness for those which have remained static.

"In the case of the Group (with which I personally am concerned) containing 19 separate producing and selling companies, the salient issue, I think, is one of how successfully to combine individual initiative with corporate strength. On the one hand, we have to make the resources of our largeness an asset—yet fight shy of red tape and 'remote control from the top'. On the other, we must see that the individual companies, while retaining their traditional enterprise and initiative, are not hampered from development through lack of capital and technical resources.

"The key to the problem, as I see it, lies with *people*. If the Group management is functioning efficiently—by keeping its eye on *overall* objectives and ensuring the recruitment, training and development of key personnel imbued with the right spirit of initiative and personal responsibility—the people who make up the Group will reflect this spirit by functioning efficiently at all levels. And I need hardly add, these good internal relations will also make for better external service.

"Our solution then, within the Reed Paper Group, is the maximum of decentralisation—with the Group management



retaining *only* those functions which are vital for co-ordination and concentration of resources. The Reed Paper Group is an integrated, efficient whole . . . yet it is also 19 separate major companies concerned with every aspect of paper making and converting. Each of them, while having access to Group resources, retains its individuality and independence, and understands the character and aims of the Group so well that it can think and act *for itself*. To our customers and shareholders, we feel we may confidently say '*YOU profit from the initiative of each Company backed by the resources of the Group*'."

Alfred G. Wailes.

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Canadian General Election

Sir,—As a French-Canadian on post-graduate work here in London may I be permitted to comment on Mr. Serpell's talk (THE LISTENER, June 20) and Mr. Fowler's letter.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. Serpell's view of Montreal. English-Canadians are too Americanised for the French-Canadians' liking. Our business men are interested in the arts and philosophy and Canadian cultural traditions much more than our more materialistic fellow-citizens. Thousands of English-Canadians born and bred in Québec cannot or will not speak the French language. Some even refuse point-blank.

We in Québec and elsewhere in Canada try to preserve the French language and 'Canadien' way of life. It is the only thing we have in Canada to prevent the complete Americanisation of the Dominion. But English-Canadians cannot see this and refuse more than us to use the 'other language'. They are more interested in New York than Montréal.

As for Toronto, it is Canada's largest provincial city. Its body, a mere carbon copy of the average American skyscraper city. Its soul, the stock exchange. French Canada and especially the Province of Québec is without a doubt the *rendez-vous de l'élite intellectuelle* of Canada.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

HENRI DE SÉGUR

In Defence of the Comprehensive School

Sir,—I heard and afterwards read (in THE LISTENER, July 11) Miss Margaret Miles' talk on the comprehensive school with the greatest interest. I am sure that Mayfield School is doing a fine job—I do not wish to question that—but Miss Miles ventured certain generalisations about which I am less certain.

She expressed suspicion of arbitrary lines of demarcation like that made by selection at eleven-plus, and of the possibly unhealthy effects of academic selection and rejection on young children. But how are arbitrary distinctions to be avoided in human affairs? Without selection and rejection, how does one choose a netball team or the cast for a school play—how, indeed, does an employer select his staff? As for the imputation that the streaming of children implies a social distinction: the A stream of any grammar school contains a good proportion of children from poorer homes, who are there by virtue of their ability; and poor children in the C stream are there (along with wealthier eccentrics) for want of ability or, much more commonly, of diligence.

For (whatever may in fact happen in some schools) I think it is seldom necessary to label the C-stream grammar-school child a 'dud'. The eleven-plus examination succeeds as well as any 'arbitrary' system can in selecting the abler children, and the subsequent arrival of some of these in the C forms is usually explicable by their failure, for some reason, to exert themselves. The point is enforced by not infrequent instances

among such children of sudden and arresting reawakenings to the satisfactions of learning—reformations which, of course, meet with a prompt response from the staff of a decent grammar school.

Again, while agreeing with Miss Miles that size may give dignity to an institution, I believe it can also give rise to impersonality. Miss Miles has 'always been amazed at how little aware the girls are of the total numbers of their fellow pupils'. This rather surprises me. I should have thought that children had a good deal to learn from others outside their own immediate set, and indeed that the fruits of such 'cross-fertilisation' might be one of the boasts of the classless comprehensive school. In answer to Miss Miles' question 'Who can say when big becomes too big?', I am inclined to suggest that a good many things in the modern world have already grown too big for our comfort, and that there is much less danger today of schools growing too small than of their growing too big. Unanimity on this point would no doubt be hard to attain, but teachers I have spoken to have generally agreed that when numbers rise above 400 it becomes impossible to know every child in the school—and that the teachers in a school should know all the pupils does seem desirable.

Mention of a public address system heightens my apprehension on the matter of size. Canned voices ought to be resisted in schools, however useful they may sometimes be in manoeuvring the artificial agglomerations of persons to which our culture gives rise: they are un intimate, and tend to destroy those personal relationships which are of the essence of education in any proper sense.—Yours, etc.,

Reigate

L. SHERWOOD

Motives and Morality

Sir,—I agree with much that Mr. Richard Peters says in his talk on 'Motives and Morality' (THE LISTENER, July 11) but oh, that infuriating 'story from Arthur Koestler'! Very well, 'it is supposed that Pythagoras was drawing triangles in the sand'. But why, save to prove Messrs. Koestler's and Peters' obscurantist point, must it be supposed that Pythagoras, having heard the suggestion that his preoccupation with triangles stemmed from his fear that his wife's affections were straying, 'then got up and did nothing further about his theorem'? For myself, I prefer to suppose that whether his friend was right or wrong, the laughter being over, Pythagoras returned to his triangles and got on with his theorem.

I agree with Mr. Peters when he says that 'by morality . . . we mean conforming to standards which we have thought about before accepting them as our own', but not when later in the same paragraph he remarks that 'if a belief has good grounds to support it, there is little point in speculating about its causes'. I think that most of us hold our beliefs partly, maybe even largely, on good grounds, but I do not think

this rules out the probability that there are at the same time 'causal realities underneath'. Because I agree so heartily with Mr. Peters that 'the causes of a belief must be distinguished from its grounds', I cannot follow him when he continues, 'and it seems only relevant to speculate about causes when there are no grounds'. I should have thought the reverse to be true: the better the grounds, the greater the necessity for speculation about causes; else how can we claim to have 'thought about' our standards 'before accepting them as our own'? That underlying 'causal reality' is so often our first intimation that our grounds may not be as good as we had thought.

Mr. Koestler proves to Mr. Peters' satisfaction that the examination of motive is a dangerous pastime while Mr. Peters proves to Mr. Peters' satisfaction that the causes of belief need not be examined save when the belief is manifestly irrational. What sort of nursery morality is this?—Yours, etc.,

Waltham-St.-Lawrence PHYLLIS CORNELL

Homicide and Medical Negligence

Sir,—In his interesting talk on 'Homicide and Medical Negligence' (THE LISTENER, July 11) Dr. Glanville Williams asks the question whether a man can be killed twice. A similar, although not identical, problem was set some years ago in an examination paper at an American law school. Jones, who is preparing to explore a desert, fills a reserve keg with water, and straps it on his pack-mule. His enemy White secretly introduces a deadly poison into the water. Two days later Black, a second enemy, overtakes Jones in the desert and shoots a hole in the keg so that all the water is drained out. Jones dies of thirst. Both White and Black are probably guilty at least of attempted murder, but are either or both guilty of the murder of Jones?—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

A. L. GOODHART

Guildford's Seven-hundredth Year

Sir,—To judge by your photograph of Guildford (THE LISTENER, July 4), the town is not so old-fashioned as to respect its trees. In the foreground are some which, properly treated, would form a delightful frame to the view of the High Street; instead they have been lopped in the worst Suptopian manner. A town which is proud of itself should not neglect its trees, and a lavish pageant does not compensate for silvicultural vandalism.—Yours, etc.,

Osney

JOHN GILLARD WATSON

Pass the Seaweed

Sir,—You may be interested to know that the seaweed called samphire grows down south round the estuary of the Beaulieu river. We have lately discovered it and like it raw in salads. It has a salty taste.—Yours, etc.,

Marchwood

MARJORIE DONALD

Full Fathom Five Thousand

By N. B. MARSHALL

THE deep sea is a vast living space: just how vast is difficult to imagine. The bare figures—two-thirds of the earth's surface covered to an average depth of 4,000 metres—do not convey a ready picture. Perhaps a better idea of its immensity comes across when we reflect that if all the land above sea level were dropped into only one ocean, the Pacific, it would sink far below the waves.

From the land the bottom of the coastal waters shelves gently, giving way to the steeper continental slopes. In turn, these expansive underwater landscapes sweep down to the abyssal regions; to the greatest depths of rather more than 10,000 metres; to a world of immense pressures and slow-running currents; to a world that is not, however, devoid of life. Certainly below a depth of 1,000 metres there is no trace of sunlight, but the darkness is relieved by living lamps, by the flashes and sparks from the light organs of deep sea animals. Below the 1,000-metre level the seasons cease to exist, there is no appreciable change of temperature. The water there is always cold.

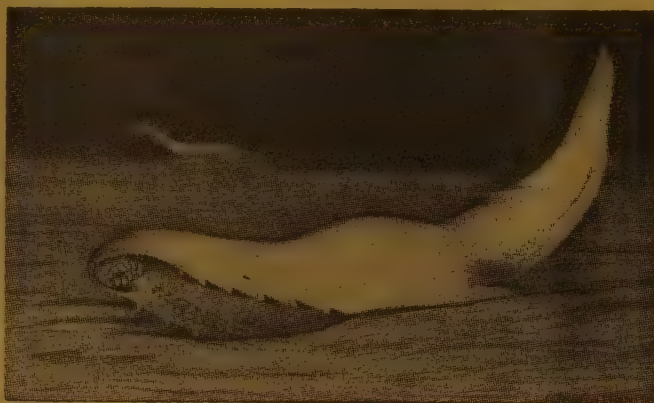
Despite popular conceptions it is not a silent world, for the sea is a medium for many animal voices. And for animals with the right kind of ears, or in our case the right kind of microphone, there is much to be heard. Fish and crustaceans are among the vocal animals in the sea; and the warm-blooded animals—the dolphins and whales—also emit sounds. The deeper one goes the more difficult it is to be certain of the identity of the sound producer. Many sounds, although obviously animal in character, are not yet identified.

The exploration of this vast salt-water expanse would seem to be a task for gods rather than men. In his introduction to the book of the Danish *Galathea* deep-sea expedition*, Professor Spärck nicely poses this problem, in a way that might well make the Marx Brothers happy. He says:

The idea of studying the oceanic fauna by lowering a few tiny nets and bags may at first seem rather absurd, since of course they can do no more than fish minute portions of the vast volumes of water involved. We should indeed get a distorted picture of the life of Europe if from an airship we lowered a bag and fished up a postman and a policeman and then inferred that the whole population was made up of postmen and policemen. Do we not make the same mistake when we seek knowledge of the oceanic fauna by means of a few trawls and dredges?

But the distribution of life in the deep sea is more uniform than that on the land. Land-living creatures are certainly not chaotically disposed but the patterns of distribution are mostly on a smaller scale than are those in the deep ocean, which is, after all, the largest living space on earth. There are of course local variations in the sea—and we are becoming more and more aware of them. But, on the whole, physical

conditions are rather uniform and so is much of the biological structure. It has taken us some time to appreciate this. The exploration of the deep sea began in earnest with the world voyage of Her Majesty's Ship *Challenger* during the years 1872-76. The *Challenger* not only dredged



A large holothurian (a species of sea cucumber about 20-30 centimetres long) ploughing its way through the deep-sea ooze with its tail appendage raised

and trawled but carried out work on the physics and chemistry of the ocean. The study of the mass of observations and material she brought back provided the foundation for the science of the seas, which after the *Challenger's* return was given a name: oceanography.

Between the voyage of the *Challenger* and the last world war there have been some fifteen large-scale deep-sea expeditions. These amply proved that life could exist almost everywhere in the ocean—down to a depth of about 6,000 metres. The deepest regions, those between depths of 6,000 and 10,000 metres, were an unknown part of the world.

Soon after the last war our knowledge of deep-sea life was extended. From 1947 to 1948 the Swedish *Albatross* expedition made a world cruise collecting samples of the oozes on the deep-sea floor. This may sound simple, but it required the use of specially designed apparatus and a close study of the mechanics of deep-sea trawling. The various problems were solved by Kullenberg, and *Albatross* was thus able to fish trawls down to the then record depth of 7,900 metres. In a haul made between 7,600 and 7,900 metres in the Atlantic the net brought up tubes of worms and some crustaceans, giving a strong hint that life was possible down to these levels.

The Swedish expedition was planned during the war, and so was the Danish *Galathea* expedition. In 1941 Dr. Anton Bruun gave a lecture on the great sea serpent, that this might be more than a sailors' yarn. The Danish *Dana* expedition had taken eel larvae that were about six

feet long, which might mean that the adult measured over eighty feet. Could these giant eels be the sea serpents? Following Dr. Bruun's lecture the dreams of a deep-sea expedition became real and the *Galathea* expedition was planned. Wisely, they decided to concentrate their efforts on the deepest parts of the deep-sea floor, on trawling and dredging in the unexplored regions beyond 6,000 metres. These abyssal regions—the deepest of the deep—make up 1.3 per cent. of the earth's surface, an area nearly half that of Europe.

By the end of August 1950 the *Galathea*, formerly H.M.S. *Leith*, was ready for sea. She set out from Copenhagen on October 15, 1950, and, after working in all three oceans, particularly in the Indo-Australian area, she arrived home on June 29, 1952. It will be some considerable time before a complete analysis of the results of the trip will be available, but in the meantime there is this handsomely produced semi-popular account of the expedition.

Perhaps the most exciting part of the expedition was the work in the deep trench that runs off the east coasts of the Philippine Islands. The deeper reaches of this great gash in the deep-sea floor are more than 10,000 metres below the surface of the sea, and calculations showed that at a towing speed of two knots 12,000 metres of wire would be required to get the sledge trawl down to the sea floor. But before the trawl could be shot, the *Galathea* had to make a depth survey of the trench, to find a level stretch where a trawl could be towed. The echo sounder proved equal to this. The area was found, and the



Galathea thauma axeli (47 centimetres long), a deep-sea anglerfish with a forked light organ in its mouth, which was caught at a depth of 3,600 metres. This specimen represents a new genus and species

* *The Galathea Deep Sea Expedition 1950-1952*, edited by Anton F. Bruun and others (Allen and Unwin, 40s.), from which our illustrations are taken

trawl went down. The success of the attempt then depended upon the seamanship of Captain Grave to keep the ship on course, and upon the trawl avoiding obstacles which would entangle it and snap the cable.

When the trawl was on its way up, the scientists were prepared to be disappointed. But when it broke surface someone noticed that there was clay on the iron framework. Then they saw stones in the net, and were doubly sure that it had really fished along the bottom. On one of the large stones there were some whitish growths—sea anemones. Animal life does indeed exist in the very deepest parts of the ocean—in depths over 10,000 metres. Besides the sea anemones, there were in the net seventy-five sea cucumbers, five bivalve molluscs, one amphipod crustacean, and one bristle worm.

Deep Regions of the Sea Floor

The *Galathea* made another successful haul in the Philippine Trench and then went off to trawl over other very deep regions of the sea floor—in the Sunda Trench off Java, in the Tonga Trench and the Kermadec Trench to the north of New Zealand and in other areas. From all the work of this and other expeditions a clear picture of the distribution in depth of the types of animal life is emerging. Sea anemones, echinuroid worms, sea cucumbers, bivalves, and bristle worms reach to the very bottom of the ocean—to 10,000 metres. Fishes are not found beyond a depth of about 7,000 metres. Sea spiders were not fished deeper than about 6,500 metres, and so on.

During the past few years the Russians have also been trawling in the very deep ocean. They have been working in the north-west Pacific, in the Kurile-Kamchatka Trench, in depths down to nearly 10,000 metres, and Professor Zenkevitch and his colleagues have added to our knowledge of a remarkable group of deep-sea animals, the Pogonophora.

The Pogonophora or beard-bearers are worth a little further consideration. They are bottom-dwellers in the deep ocean off the East Indies and in the north-west Pacific and the Gulf of Panama. It is only recently that we have really begun to appreciate their structure, although they were first taken by the Dutch *Siboga* expedition in 1899. In its way this recent work is just as exciting as that on the living coelacanth, *Latimeria*. In but one haul of the trawl made at 8,810 metres the Russians brought up about 2,000 specimens, which proved to belong to two new species. With such abundant material they have been able to make a close study of these curious animals.

Each animal lives in a long tube. The bottom end of the tube may be fixed in the ooze. The tube holds the long segmented cylindrical body; a short section bears an elaborate tentacle apparatus, which can expand outside the tube. These animals have no digestive canal, nor is there a mouth or anus. The sexes are separate. The tentacles bear cilia—fine, hair-like structures—the beating of which draws the sea-water and any microscopic food organisms or detritus it may contain, into the tentacle crown. Here digestion seems to occur and there are special cells which take up the digestive products—cells rather like those found in the alimentary canal of the vertebrates.

The Pogonophora are also interesting because



Isopod crustacean (length 6 millimetres) which was among the creatures caught at 10,000 metres in the Philippine Trench

they seem to be most closely related to one of the groups of animals we call protochordates—of which the best known example is the burrowing acorn worm. As their name implies, the protochordates are lowly relatives to the true chordate animals, of which the most familiar example is man. Without, then, stressing the relationship too far, it would seem best to keep the Pogonophora in a class apart.

Every deep-sea expedition brings back species of animals that are entirely new. Deep-sea biology is not yet 100 years old and is still in the descriptive phase. Each animal or plant must first be adequately described and given a name before we can begin to make further studies of its biology. Marine physics is now emerging from this descriptive phase, but before this could be, each of the great water masses forming the deep ocean had to be studied and given a physico-chemical description. Now most of these water masses can be identified and so followed as they circulate through the ocean.

No 'Deserts' in the Ocean

Yet, although we are still mainly in the descriptive stage, there are certain generalisations that can be made for oceanographical studies. Dr. Nielsen of the *Galathea* has, for instance, given us an approximate figure for the annual plant productivity of the oceans—a productivity which is restricted to the upper layers of the water to which sunlight can penetrate. The marine pastures produce about 40,000,000,000 tons of organic matter in a year, an amount roughly equal to that produced by the land plants. This synthesis of organic matter is spread over the ocean surface: there are, as it were, no 'deserts' in the ocean.

As on land, so in the sea, the organic matter synthesised is ultimately broken down again by bacteria and the constituent parts returned to enter the cycle again. Some of the bacteria have been found at extreme depths. At the bottom of the Philippine Trench the pressure exerted by the sea is about 1,000 atmospheres—close on seven tons per square inch. Bacteria taken from these regions will thrive and reproduce only if they are put in a pressure chamber at pressures corresponding to their normal environment: they are, therefore, specially adapted for life at great depths.

Bacteria are the principal scavengers in the sea, living on organic wastes of all kinds. In turn they may provide food for deep-sea creatures living on and in the oozes. At the greatest depths there seem to be no predatory animals, only suspension-feeders such as the Pogonophora, or mud-eaters like the sea-cucumbers. Do these make use of bacteria in their diet? We are not sure.

Recent work in this country has added to the pressure aspect of marine science. Planktonic animals respond to changes in pressure. By appreciating the changes in pressure as they sink or rise, and then by making the appropriate

swimming movements, planktonic animals can keep to their 'chosen' levels in the sea. We have come a long way from the doubts of the early deep-sea naturalists. Professor Wyville-Thompson, the leader of the *Challenger* expedition, wrote that it was almost as easy to imagine creatures living in a fire or a vacuum as it was to conceive of them existing at the bottom of the deep sea. Now we know that they thrive in the fire.

The *Galathea* expedition certainly achieved its main object—to extend our knowledge of life in the deepest parts of the ocean. A good expedition will not only solve problems but offer new ones for future work. This the *Galathea* expedition has certainly done.

Work Still To Be Done

The recent work, both Danish and Russian, in the deepest parts of the ocean, has shown that similar investigations are badly needed in other areas. It is almost a cliché in oceanographical circles that in many ways we know more about the surface of the moon than we do about the deep-sea floor. There are great areas, particularly in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, that have not seen a dredge or a trawl.

But deep-sea research is costly. In the last of James Thurber's recent series of fables for our times there is a wise old lemming. The other lemmings are rushing to perdition in the sea, some thinking they are going to find the 'gem of purest ray serene'. The wise one does not join them. He knows, to quote Mr. Thurber, '... that the caves of ocean bear no gems but only soggy glub and great gobs of mucky gump'. If Mr. Thurber's soggy glub is deep-sea ooze, then we must add that the biologist's gems live on it. And apart from the biologist's valuation, they are also gems because many of them are at present rather rare and the collecting of them is costly.

Why not have an international expedition with each country contributing a part of the cost? During this International Geophysical Year there will be collaboration among the nations. Why not carry on this collaboration? The lemmings in James Thurber's fable were lost because of chronic semantic troubles. This is hardly true of international science, but there is much we can do. All nations need to know more about the sea, if only because of the problem of disposal of nuclear waste products. If we cannot run an international deep-sea expedition, perhaps we deserve running places among the lemmings.—*Third Programme*

The Conqueror

But oh that rich encrimsoned cloud
From which rode out the armoured man.
He saw his kingdom far below,
And thought that he need scarcely go
To take it, his ere he began.
You well might think that he was proud.

We waited for the advent. Then
Some hesitation held him there.
Was it the little roads that made
The simple conqueror afraid?
Defeat came on him in the air,
And the cloud drank him in again.

EDWIN MUIR

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

THE sculpture of Lynn Chadwick which won the international prize at the Venice Biennale of 1946 is now on view at the Arts Council's gallery. Chadwick is technically brilliant; he flourishes his craftsmanship with that polished roughness that is the dream of the craft department of every art school. The earlier iron sculpture with moving parts, its vast clanging systems or interleaving iron combs that bob over and over, these are wonderfully done. The making of them dominates; after a while I realised that I was looking at them as though they were wrought-iron spits or door knockers or patent sheep-pen locks or any other form of archaic and rural ingenuity. And the work called the 'Inner Eye' that has a lump of glass in its centre is like a great brooch.

After seeing them in this way it is not easy to return to the imagery, the 'Geometry of Fear' as it has been called, the object-beings 'armed to excess against aggression'. The reason for this I think is that in these early works Chadwick was relying upon an imagery, or rather an attitude towards imagery, that he had taken up wholesale from Graham Sutherland (the personage, the formal metaphor, the abstraction which is both an object and the equivalent of a living thing) and was using it as a basis for his technical experiments and nothing else. I cannot feel that it ever held a very intense meaning for him in itself. His imagery is cold, an academic romanticism for which the diploma piece is the crashingly banal 'The Seasons'. Of course the way in which a sculpture is made is part of the image, and in the later works Chadwick appears to know this far more clearly. These are steel frames filled in with composition and there are straightforward groups of figures, in particular the 'Dancers' illustrated here, in which the constructional problems of the steel skeleton and the rhythmic problems of the figures seem to have been recognised and solved at the same time.

It has been suggested that this country has been slow to recognise Lynn Chadwick. The catalogue to the present exhibition tells us that he started to do sculpture in 1947, and that four years later several works were commissioned by the Festival of Britain. The following year he was represented in the Tate and sent to the Biennale. Yet even now as an artist he is far from his maturity. The danger would seem to be rather that he is too well cut out for the role of official artist: here is one who is brilliant, *avant gardiste*, whose work is exactly like what Modern English Art might be expected to be like. (It is linear, additive in its forms, romantic not to say Gothick; and when it comes to

prestige on the international art front nothing tells so much as the mythology of national characteristics: think of prize-winning French films being French and so on.)

Needless to say, this is all utterly irrelevant to an artist's real progress; indeed to become a national asset at the wrong moment is probably the worst thing that could happen to him. One can think of at least four sobering examples

and three landscapes by Peter Kinley that I found extremely beautiful.

Recent French painting is represented in exhibitions at the Lefevre Galleries, at Tooth's and at the Adams Gallery, where there is a wonderful little Soutine landscape. At the O'Hana Gallery there is a mixed collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painting which has several out of the way pictures in it: a fragment of pastel by Cézanne from the Gachet collection, an extremely early and very idealised Pissarro of a picnic, a crisply painted Renoir of 1895 'Bateaux sur la Seine' and an Ensor seascape. At the centre of the exhibition is the Monet 'Antibes, vue des Jardins de la Salis', painted in 1888. This has only recently arrived in this country.

At the Artist's International in Lisle Street there is an exhibition with the title of 'Man and Machine'. Unfortunately it sadly underplays its theme. The first room of the gallery has eighteenth- and nineteenth-century lithographs and engravings mostly of railway landscapes. In the second room are recent paintings. What these show is that there is nothing more boring as a genre background than a factory or a crane. Machines now mean a special range of relationships or they mean nothing at all. They no longer have any impact as details of the landscape, as they did a hundred years ago when the lithograph of the 'Conway Tubular Bridge' (No. 19) was made. Prunella Clough, almost alone among the artists here understands what the subject implies.

Miss Clough is often underestimated for the reason that she can be at her worst, mechanically picture-making, and at her very best in two similar pictures. At her best, she sees the closeness between machines and the men who work them as the point from which to say something new about the living figure. This is what she does, in the

present exhibition, with her 'Lorry Driver', whose poise and features tell strongly against a close-knit relationship with the lines of the cab that encloses him.



'Dancing Figures', by Lynn Chadwick: from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square

of artists who have had to decide whether to clear out from under it with no excuses given or to begin to believe in it all themselves. These remarks are prompted in particular by the drawings in the present exhibition which are like extraordinary caricatures of a sculptor's working drawings.

There are several mixed exhibitions current. The Leicester Galleries have their annual 'Artists of Fame and Promise' which includes a number of interesting pictures, among them a recent painting of flowers by Claude Rogers. This suggests a new development in his work, a broader, more luxurious handling. The summer exhibition at the Redfern is mostly *tachiste*. At Arthur Jeffress' Gallery there is among other things a recent still life by Graham Sutherland,

Newly treated for publication and illustrated with sixty-eight plates, the successful series of television programmes called *Buried Treasure* is now available in book form under the same title (Phoenix House, 16s.). Paul Johnstone, producer of the programmes and author of the book, ranges, with the co-operation of some of our leading archaeologists, over such subjects as Piltdown Man, The Walls of Jericho, Stonehenge, the Maltese Megaliths, Maiden Castle, Tollund Man, and The Etruscans.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Irresistible Theatre, Volume I

By W. Bridges-Adams.
Secker and Warburg. 42s.

THE THEATRE IS IRRESISTIBLE . . . Whether by accident or design Mr. Bridges-Adams twice gives his tag from Matthew Arnold a page to itself, before his foreword and before his first chapter. All the same it is not, to be pernickety, the precise motto for his high-spirited history of English drama from the Conquest to the Commonwealth. What he does delightfully demonstrate is that the theatre is irrepressible, and not for want of resolute efforts to repress it by pious people who found it very resistible indeed.

Here is a popular art born of Greek religion which insists on secularising itself until religion rigorously attempts to suppress it altogether, and succeeds sufficiently to scatter wandering minstrels and strolling players through the length and breadth of Europe. Then in the Middle Ages drama is born again inside the Church, and something like the same cycle repeats itself. From Mysteries to Miracles, to Moralities, to Interludes, with a significant descending scale of protagonists—God, Saint, Everyman, Clown—the primrose path leads on to men like Marston, whose bawdy went up in the bishops' bonfire, to the charnel-house tragedies of the Italianate Jacobean and the decadence of Shirley.

Indeed it is only fair to admit that religious attacks on the secular stage succeed when something like dramatic decadence has set in. Mr. Bridges-Adams generously and persuasively insists that Roman players must have been a great deal better than most Roman plays or they would not have lasted so long. But there is no gainsaying that Roman drama was decadent by comparison with the Greek. Similarly there is a steep slide from the Shakespearian summit in the thirty years before the closing of the theatres by the Puritans. Ben Jonson had more than a personal and professional grouse when he complained that the court masque was deteriorating into mere lavish spectacle (like the super-colossal film spectacles of our day, though infinitely more tasteful). And the Roman ghost in a Phrygian shroud stalked through the guignolesque sensationalism of the minor Jacobean.

Here, apparently, is an art that cannot make do with religion for very long and cannot for very long do without it. But when the drama was born yet again, at the Restoration, it was born to bastardy and proceeded from the monotonous licentiousness of Restoration comedy and the rhodomontade of sentimental-tragedy, through a Victorian interregnum of propriety and moralising, to the jejune wilderness of the modern commercial theatre with its marked anti-clericalism of sleeping clergymen, indifferent shepherds and bad Samaritans and its general prejudice against religious drama. T. S. Eliot at Canterbury may mark the beginning of a new forming and purifying movement—rape, cancer, and homosexuality are not inexhaustible stage sensations—and from an uncomfortable church off Regent Street Christopher Fry stole the new play honours in the Festival of Britain at which also brought the Christ-figure back to the actors in the first modern revivals of the

medieval Mystery plays at Chester and York. But the counter-revolution of religious drama, if that is what it is, is marginal at most, and the climate of the age, to say the least, is unpropitious.

This, however, is to anticipate Mr. Bridges-Adams' second volume. His first should be particularly welcome to readers of THE LISTENER who have been following the development of English drama from the beginnings to the Elizabethans in 'The First Stage' series and the invaluable Jacobean productions in the Third Programme. Mr. Bridges-Adams is, of course, an Elizabethan at heart, and if he does not give Shakespeare stage-centre it is because he takes it for granted that we know that is where he belongs. It is the Shakespearian values that dominate the scene, just the same. The author takes us from the Conquest to the Tudors in less than eighty entertaining pages, and gives more than 300 to the Tudor blaze of glory that was guttering smokily before the Commonwealth. The most valuable thing of all about this most readable book is that it is theatrical history written by a man of the theatre. The zest, gusto, wit and quick sympathy of Mr. Bridges-Adams are irresistible, too.

Children of the Sun. By Morris West. Heinemann. 16s.

Not all that long ago it was quite possible to walk through the streets of England and see children being hanged for stealing a loaf of bread. The indifference of our ancestors to the cruelty in their midst is always the most startling impression left on us by reading social history. Yet anyone who has been on holiday to Naples—and a million tourists visit the city a year—is guilty of just the same sort of moral blindness. Children shivering in rags in the streets, prostituting themselves for the minimum of food, frightened and miserable, corrupt and criminal—this is the situation vividly described in Mr. West's poignantly named *Children of the Sun*.

Mr. West is angry and rightly so, but his revelations of the corrupting effects of poverty and ill-usage on the intelligent children of Naples are deeply interesting—if one can use so callous a word—as well as unbearably painful. And this is a story with a hero. The attempts made by a noble priest, Don Borelli, and a few followers to better the conditions of these children in the face of every sort of obscurantist reaction are described with deep feeling, yet without sentimentality. The outrageous indifference of much of the Catholic hierarchy (a devastating charge coming from Mr. West who is himself a Catholic); the cynical attitude of the rich Neapolitans; the hopeless chaos of the bureaucracy are all attacked. Mr. West rightly recognises that the problem is far greater than a local or even a national one. Like anyone who has ever travelled in south Italy he has been pained by the frustrating immigration laws of other countries. Trade Unionists in England who refuse to accept Italian labour in industry, and American Senators alarmed at 'the changes in the cultural pattern of the population', are all helping to give an extra kick to the starving tubercular bodies of the

scugnizzi. Mr. West makes a number of practical suggestions for improving the situation which should be adopted at once. Meanwhile the administration of Naples has surrounded the worst of the slums with a fine new wall to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of tourists.

The Trouble Makers. Dissent over Foreign Policy 1742-1939. By A. J. P. Taylor. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

The Ford Lectures of Oxford University have been the foundation of some notable books. Mr. Taylor's published in this volume is, however, not one of them. He tells us that he did not take the trouble to write them out before delivering them. He seems to have been equally irresponsible in subsequently re-creating them for publication. The book is a slap-dash affair, full of half-truths, and though Mr. Taylor's comments are sometimes instructive and occasionally penetrating, they are inserted into a flimsy narrative of events. This is particularly true of the last portion of the book where events which occurred in Mr. Taylor's lifetime are distorted by dogmatic assertions which are sometimes of doubtful validity.

This is a great pity; for the theme of the book is an interesting one and has never been discussed or analysed by historians in detail, though of course some 'Dissenters' like Cobden have been much written about. The 'Dissenters' from British Foreign Policy are defined by Mr. Taylor as those who challenge the principles on which it is based and not merely the methods applied by the Government at a particular moment. Politicians in opposition are wont to insist that their principles are quite different from those of the Government in power, but once back in office they often try to minimise the differences between parties. For this reason there is no very revolutionary change in British foreign policy throughout the nineteenth century. But there is always in Britain another form of 'Dissent', that of publicists or journalists, who can advocate more radical views, because they are never likely to be called to put their ideas into action.

Mr. Taylor begins well enough by recognising this difference, but he fails to apply the distinction consistently throughout his book. Before he comes to the end of it he is twisting words in an effort to turn Mr. Lloyd George into a 'Dissenter' in his sense, instead of merely an opportunist. Nor does he ever consider with any seriousness the principles which the 'Dissenters' put forward, or discuss how far they were founded on a correct appreciation of the political, economic and social facts of the time. He is content with a few smart observations, often amusing enough when he shows how events confounded the prophets. An example of his irresponsibility is a sentence about Gladstone: 'his Midlothian speeches suggest that he thought it more important to have the Marquis [sic!] of Rosebery on the platform than two thousand people in the hall'.

Mr. Taylor does, however, draw attention to publicists who have been rather neglected by historians. He makes much for example of Tom

Paine and E. D. Morel. He much exaggerates the influence of the latter but he certainly shows that the Union of Democratic Control played a more considerable part in shaping public opinion than has generally been realised. Public opinion in Britain was, however, transformed by the slaughter of the first world war and the failure to create a durable peace rather than by pamphlets and books. It is, indeed, difficult to fit the attitude of politicians in the inter-war period with any logical pattern. It was perhaps more than anything else due to the loss of a great part of the best and bravest of a whole generation. Mr. Taylor reveals the inconsistencies of the Labour opposition but he hardly increases our understanding of it. He seems to dislike the League of Nations as much as Mr. Gladstone and his prejudices prevent him from giving a balanced account of his subject. Such fundamental problems deserve better treatment than a few selected quotations and ironical comments. It may be hoped that after having got this stuff out of his system Mr. Taylor will resume his role as a distinguished contributor to serious diplomatic history.

Ancient Mycenae

By George E. Mylonas.

Routledge & Kegan Paul. 45s.

For those who know it well Mycenae has an extraordinary fascination. It does not provide the breath-taking splendour of the Athenian Acropolis that seizes you on your first glimpse of the Parthenon as you drive up the long road from Phaleron. It does not appear mysterious, as something not built by human hands, as Delphi does when you round the last bend in the road from the East. Mycenae, in fact, so merges with its own stony background that from half a mile away your eyes barely perceive it. But once there, before the Lion Gate, standing in the Grave Circle, up on the floor of the palace, following the circuit of the Cyclopean walls you are overwhelmed by grandeur. Tiryns, compact and mighty though it be, is poorly sited and is a useful commentary on Mycenae. But the latter still makes the unforgettable impression of a citadel dominating a city, which was the capital of a formidable, if loosely built, feudal empire.

This new book by Professor George Mylonas is excellent, having all the virtues of the recent work by Ida Thallon Hill, *The Ancient City of Athens*, for it is scholarly, of importance for archaeologist and student, as well as being written so as to appeal to any layman keen on archaeology. Chapter I, 'History and Legends', together with Chapter II, 'Mycenae and Her Walls', provide the best account yet given of the palace and its fortifications, including the remarkable underground reservoir at the east end of the northern Cyclopean wall. Most impressive of all are the lions of the Lion Gate itself, which have older prototypes. But Mylonas has not recorded the fact that a similar heraldic design passed over to Ionia and recurred on an electrum coin of the Ionian Revolt in 499 B.C.

Mycenae, it would be fair to say, has been more in the limelight of recent years than any other site in the Mediterranean area. Not only

are there the remarkable epigraphical discoveries showing that the people spoke and wrote Greek, but other vivid proofs have appeared. Many years ago it was suspected that there was a large lower City outside and below the palace walls, for many rock-cut tombs were found which implied a considerable population. Now we know; for Wace and Papademetriou have unearthed private houses and trader's stores, like the 'House of the Wine Merchant' and the



The Lion Gate, after restoration

From 'Ancient Mycenae'

'House of the Oil Merchant'. The old and famous Grave Circle discovered by Schliemann produced the most sensational quantity of gold, silver, and decorated bronze. Now, however, a second and equally remarkable Grave Circle has been discovered outside the castle walls, containing fourteen more shaft-graves and ten lesser graves, once more replete with rich and elaborate offerings. Among these the most attractive of all, since the most unexpected, is a duck-shaped sauce-boat carved out of rock-crystal just 13½ centimetres long. It was one of these graves that held the remains of a little princess of a Mycenaean royal house with a gold rattle beside her.

Here is a book admirably produced, designed and printed, with a good index, many illustrations and one of the best maps of the Aegean. Indeed, it is indispensable to any lover of the ancient Greek world.

Richard Crashaw, a Study in Baroque Sensibility. By Austin Warren.

Faber. 21s.

It seems curious that Professor Warren's study of Crashaw, published in the States as long ago as 1939, has only now achieved an English edition, for this poet has never received the

critical attention he merits. Meanwhile L. G. Martin's Oxford text has been revised (with acknowledgements to Professor Warren's researches), much work has been done on the emblem-books, and studies such as Jean Rousset's have enriched our understanding of European Baroque. It is a measure of Professor Warren's thoroughness and critical acumen that his book has not required amendment, and the approach to Crashaw which he made nearly thirty years ago still needs emphasis.

The nature of Crashaw's *œuvre* can only be understood if the whole of it—the important Latin poems as well as the English—is placed in the context of a European art-movement, the Baroque sensibility. We misconceive his genius if we consider him too narrowly as one of the metaphysicals, an epigone of Donne. He was not an intellectual poet. There is no trace of any intellectual struggle in his conversion to post-Tridentine Catholicism; he seems to have been drawn into that 'inflammation of ardour' like a moth to a candle. The emblem-books, the decorative embellishments—verbal in Marino, plastic in Bernini—were as intoxicating to one of his temperament as the artifacts of Surrealism might have been at a subsequent period. Because, like all young men of his time, he sought ecstasy, he was most at home where the iconography of psychic phenomena had become a means to that end. To suggest that imagery drawn from the *legenda* of the penitent Magdalen, St. Alexis or St. Teresa was as much a point of departure for the Baroque sensibility as the protagonists of Maturin and Sade for the Surrealist is not to impugn the sincerity of Crashaw's beliefs; yogis of *Néant* are not so different from adepts of *Etre* as we sometimes think. In either case we must work through the accepted apparatus of enthusiasm (however 'amusing') to where we find Crashaw transcends

the Baroque or René Char escapes Surrealism. That point will be discovered where we perceive what the poet has done with words.

'By contrast (with Donne)', writes Professor Warren, 'Crashaw had an epicure's instinctive feeling for his *métier*. His intellect was neither speculative nor subtle; almost purely a creature of sensibility, he possessed and developed and refined his emotions, undisturbed by the vast exclusions they necessitated'. The most absorbing pages of this book are those in which the author examines Crashaw's verse technique—the characteristic parisons, oxymora and alliterations, the poet's development towards a 'rhetoric characterised not by tightness and economy but by relaxation and improvisatory exuberance'. Gradually, suggests Professor Warren, the images become void of visual reference: 'they are like the ideograms of the Chinese alphabet—pictures which are a shorthand for concepts'. And of one later poem he does not hesitate to say: 'it is an epitome of stock phrases and figures, a ritual assembled for the purpose of putting the poet—and the reader—into a trance state'.

To overstress Crashaw's capacity for writing hypnotic poetry would be a dangerous simplification, a crude bypass for those who want to dodge the implications of his beliefs. But if he

remains a religious poet because he celebrated in verse the supernatural marvels of his religion, he is also a poet who refined the technical resources of verse to transmit the intense vibrations of a personal emotion. It may be that he was preserved from the rhythmic vulgarities of Poe and Swinburne because this personal emotion was firmly held within the structures of religious dogma—a Baroque architectonic which, however ethereal its aspirations, remained tethered to the ground. Yet it can be claimed that the metrical achievements of Crashaw came as close as anyone has come, even Mallarmé, to a 'non-figuration' of words. The coincidence of re-reading Crashaw for this review with a visit to the exhibition of paintings by Sam Francis was unexpectedly revealing. There was little or no transition necessary from these confabulations of colour in space to the iridescent surface of Crashaw's virtuoso Latin poem, *Bulla*—which Rousset has chosen as one of the most perfect examples of Baroque. Professor Warren calls this verse-movement, where the poet is to his *métier* as the painter is to his *matière*, a 'rhetoric of metamorphosis'.

The Golden Bubble. By Roderic Owen. Collins. 18s.

The torrid stretch of water which we used to know as the Persian Gulf is now claimed as 'Arabian' by the fervent young nationalists who live on one side of it. Theirs is a land of exciting contrasts where the traveller is carried with startling suddenness from the brash sophistication of Kuwait to the primitive sheikhdoms of the Trucial Coast whose petty chieftains 'hungry and threadbare' Brigadier Longrigg called them) hopefully wait for the day when oil will be struck in their barren lands. While the search goes on they enjoy a modest share of oil prosperity from the fees paid for prospecting licences, and they can afford Cadillacs to take them on their hunting trips. Mr. Owen's 'documentary', as he calls his attractive book, reveals him as an acute observer who is sensitive to atmosphere and possesses a happy gift of making friends with all sorts and conditions of people. He is a little tedious only when he dilates on the ill-too-familiar trivialities of Arabian travel and on personal matters of little import to the reader. Disdaining the aloofness of the traditional Briton he was equally at his ease with the ruler of Abu Dhabi, a chieftain of the old school, and the angry young men of Bahrain who have learnt the slogans of pan-Arabism and anti-colonialism from Egyptian schoolmasters and the tendentious broadcasts of Cairo.

As in other parts of the Middle East political consciousness starts with legitimate grievances the author's criticism of arbitrary government in Kuwait and Bahrain is as outspoken as it is judicious) and quickly tends to acquire a xenophobic edge. Thus, riots in Bahrain which Mr. Owen observed at close quarters, and with no little danger to himself, began with a demand for mild administrative reforms and broke into anti-western mob-violence to the slogan 'Bel-rave must go', a cry directed against the sheikh's British adviser, to whom Mr. Owen pays a tribute of respectful admiration. The political ideas of the young men are crudely re-logical: unmindful of Texas and Venezuela some assert that oil was given to the Arabs by the special favour of Allah on account of the

piety of their forefathers, while others maintain that the oil-companies are 'stealing' the treasure and giving worthless pounds and dollars in exchange. In Bahrain anti-British feeling derives strength from the belief that British influence supports the personal rule of the Sheikh and discourages the introduction of democratic reforms. But there is also 'envy of British prestige and British skill and a desire to erect a pan-Arabia, a federation of all Arab states, Arabia for the Arabs, and down with all foreigners'. Mr. Owen sums up his political reflections in the words 'East and West must get together. Personal contact is what counts'—an admirable sentiment to which few will take exception, though it finds little support in the facts; these rather suggest that in the emotional atmosphere of nationalism personal friendships between Englishmen and Arabs have little influence on the course of events.

'The bubble', Mr. Owen writes, 'must eventually burst, either when there is no more oil or when oil from natural deposits is no longer needed'. His speculation of a Gulf once again in the hands of nomads and pirates as of old, with sand drifting over the ruins of the oil-cities, brings to mind the fate of Arabia Felix enriched by the incense-trade, and Palmyra the proud city of a queen who defied the might of the Roman empire: both depended for their prosperity on the enterprise of outsiders, and that prosperity vanished when the outsiders withdrew or lost interest.

A Study of Gurdjieff's Teaching By Kenneth Walker. Cape. 18s.

Gurdjieff was fortunate in his chief interpreter, Ouspensky, to whose posthumous exposition of his teaching, *In Search of the Miraculous*, Mr. Kenneth Walker acknowledges a great debt and whose weekly meetings for guidance and discussion he attended for many years. But Mr. Walker has something distinctive to give of his own. Ouspensky was an austere intellectual who stressed that side of Gurdjieff's psycho-philosophical system and particularly his conception of man as a machine, blindly reacting to external forces. This is certainly a truth upon which Gurdjieff based all his technique of intensive self-study and his insistence that by patient effort man may awake from the sleep of such automatism and find freedom in real awareness. But, in Mr. Walker's view, Gurdjieff was of a much more religious nature than Ouspensky, and his own interpretations, which culminate in this book, are valuable because they provide a more rounded and human appreciation of this strange man who never disclosed the sources from which he derived his ideas and who, like the Zen Masters, believed in shocking his disciples into wakefulness.

In his present work Mr. Walker draws some convincing comparisons between Gurdjieff's teaching and that of Vedanta and of the Buddha and also with such western mystics as Boehme and such men of science as William James. Indeed, in essence Gurdjieff's conception of the ordinary man as being asleep and of there being an ascending scale of consciousness, as knowing becomes increasingly an expression of being and being of knowing, is common to all the Masters who have taught the way of enlightenment.

The need, too, to separate the witnessing 'I' from the play of unconscious impulse,

which Gurdjieff so strongly emphasised, is no new teaching. Where his system was new and to western minds, conditioned by contemporary science, difficult to accept and, in its cosmic reference, impossible to verify, was in its esoteric reading of the nature of the universe and of man, as a small-scale model of the cosmos. Mr. Walker, with the help of diagrams, elucidates these mysteries as best he can, while admitting that they can only be known by a consciousness capable of living them. He has certainly succeeded in making them more humanly intelligible and acceptable.

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. Edited by E. L. Woodward and Rohan Butler. First Series, Vol. VI 1919. Second Series, Vol. V 1933. H.M.S.O. 105s. and 95s.

With his latest 1074 pages Mr. Butler has at last completed his documentation of the year 1919. The first of the two chapters into which this massive volume is divided contains material describing and analysing the situation in Central Europe and thus defining the conditions and forces which moulded the peace treaty negotiations in the Council of Heads of Delegations in Paris, records of the proceedings of which were printed in Volumes I and II of this Series of *Documents*. The second chapter, setting out the development of British policy in the Far East between June 1919 and April 1920, alone contains only a score or so fewer pages than a whole parallel volume on the Far East in the Third Series. Mr. Butler's urge to limit the number of volumes by increasing their size has now regrettably seized Sir Llewellyn Woodward, for his latest volume in the Second Series contains 908 pages, compared with 603, 525, 617, and 565 in the four previous volumes. It is to be hoped that Sir Llewellyn's retirement from the joint editorship will not cause Mr. Butler's practice in the First Series of publishing 1,000 pages at once to become the rule.

Mr. Butler's chapter on the Far East has much of interest, both in content and in composition. In contrast with the first chapter, and still more strikingly with Professor Woodward's volume, the papers here consist in relatively large degree of lengthy dispatches, instructions, and analytical memoranda instead of brief telegraphic exchanges of instruction and report. This reflects the greater distance of Far Eastern affairs from London, and sharply illustrates how the development of communications and of world interdependence have on the one hand reduced the latitude and discretion left to Ambassadors, and on the other have left to the central government so much less time to sit down and think about the broad lines and the underlying objectives of policy. In the first consequence there may perhaps be some advantage, but the second is pregnant with disaster.

Abundant illustration of this danger is afforded by the history of British policy in the nineteen-thirties, with one year of which Sir Llewellyn Woodward's fifth volume in the Second Series deals. In the light of knowledge of Abyssinia, Spain, and Munich the comparative firmness with which Britain responded to Nazi pressure in 1933 is somewhat unexpected. But then in 1933 the risk was small. It is clear, none the less, that British governments, and even British officials, did not understand the nature of the

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DANIEL NASH*all prices are net*

Nazi threat, despite the admirable despatches from Berlin of Sir Horace Rumbold and the less striking but still suggestive material provided after Rumbold's retirement by Mr. Newton and Sir Eric Phipps. When the shrewd French Ambassador in Berlin, M. François-Poncet, suggested to Lord Tyrell that Sir John Simon would probably be imprisoned in Germany, that able diplomat could scarcely forbear to laugh; while on the other hand the Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Robert Vansittart, whose whole policy was directed towards organising Europe against Germany, saw Hitler and his minions no less injudiciously merely as new and unpleasant manifestations of the true and unchanging German nature.

This volume is concerned with the situation in Germany in 1933, with the disarmament discussions leading up to the withdrawal of Germany both from the Conference and from the League on October 14, with the negotiation and signature of Mussolini's four-power pact, and, in a concluding chapter, with the war debt liabilities of Britain to the United States. The qualities and defects of Roosevelt are here early revealed—his grandiose plans, his often unjustified confidence in his ability to persuade others, here Congress, of the wisdom of his judgements, his brilliance of intellect which yet somehow often left lingering and seemingly unjustified doubts in the mind of the listener. The character of the other dominant figure of the decade is well suggested by Sir Eric Phipps reporting on his first interview with the German Chancellor. 'At one moment he [Hitler] told me with passionate emphasis that death meant nothing to him, and that he would willingly lay down his life for his people ("mein Volk"), but he would never sign away their honour. I could see him as he spoke, advancing, unarmed and Mahdi-like, clutching his swastika flag, to meet death from a French machine-gun. A trace of healthy, human fear of death would have reassured me more' (page 713). Hitler's later lackey, Mussolini, is here revealed comparatively sane and practical, before the degeneracy of fear, disease and megalomania destroyed his judgement and his will. None can read these pages without sensing how the strengths and weaknesses of individual men may turn and sway the course of human history.

The Art of Translation

By Theodore H. Savory. Cape. 16s.

This is a self-styled Age of Criticism, but curiously little of that criticism is of a strictly technical nature: books in their thousands roll off the presses about A's influence on B, or the cultural climate of C, but practically nothing appears about the technics of the art in which A, B, and C proved so illustrious. We are let in for the most intimate geographical details of the home-town of that famous sonneteer D, but over theories of metre or of rhyme, comparisons of the differing dynamics of the Spenserian, Shakespearian and Miltonic sonnet-forms, there is thrown a veil of silence. Perhaps we are all assumed to know such things, to be well grounded in the art of how to write? A study of the prose styles of the very critics themselves would seem to lead to gloomier conclusions.

All the more welcome then is Mr. Savory's practical and rational enquiry into *The Art of Translation*. He records his own surprise at the exiguous amount of previous investigation into

this surely fundamental division of the craft of letters. He found himself forced into a pioneer establishing first principles: 'this book is not a treatise', he tells us, 'but it is planned on the lines, if not on the scale of one'. The comprehensive nature of this short study may be inferred from a list of some of its chapter-headings: 'The Principles of Translation', 'Translating the Classics', 'The Translation of Poetry', 'Translating French and German', and so on. Of particular value is the establishment and differentiation of categories of translation, ranging from the still infant electric brain programmed for translating scientific textbooks, by way of the 'adequate translation' required, say, by the ordinary reader of Dostoevsky or Dumas, to the highest-level 'literary translation' of one poet by another.

Those who have themselves engaged in this maddening but immensely stimulating game will rejoice to find, not of course the answers, but at least the proper formulation of the questions, which is half the battle: they should now be able at any rate to determine their proper target instead of, as too often heretofore, thrashing about in an unrealised attempt to hit several disparate targets simultaneously. Those who have not, or who imagine that translation is just simply a matter of a good dictionary, or of a Portuguese aunt, will be very quickly disillusioned. Quite insoluble cruxes crop up at the very simplest levels: how, for instance (to take one of Mr. Savory's most elementary examples), are we to translate *Mit Wölfen muss man heulen*? 'Among wolves one must howl'; or 'When in Rome do as the Romans do'? The answer to that depends entirely on the category of translation in which one is working.

Mr. Savory gives plenty of fascinating examples of how to do it, how not to do it, how different translators did it. He cites incidentally a splendid schoolboy's howler: *Le peuple, ému, répondit*—'The purple emu laid another egg'. The author is professionally, of all things, an arachnologist; but he has shown himself also to be a nimble webster on the loom of language.

The Penny Universities: a History of the Coffee-houses. By Aytoun Ellis. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

This is a delightful book. It ambles discursively around and about London social life from 1660-1760, taking the coffee-houses as the point of departure and return. Mr. Ellis has ferreted out a great deal that is new from state papers and old newspapers, and he writes with grace and clarity.

Coffee started as a medicine; its ability to quicken the spirits, and, above all, to remove the vestiges of those severe hang-overs which afflicted our hard-drinking forefathers, soon brought it into wide use. Once launched, it became the rage, but the fashion for drinking it was soon stabilised by other factors. The London of the later Stuarts and early Hanoverians saw trade booming; new mercantile interests developed quickly, but outside the older guild systems. In the still crowded city office accommodation was hard to come by, and expensive. Business could be easily and cheaply transacted in a coffee-house; so could auctions. The need for prompt news, particularly about market conditions, drew merchants of similar interest together. Lloyd's, the Baltic Exchange,

and many an insurance company had their first origins in a coffee-house.

From 1660-1700, the formative years of coffee-house development, London had no newspapers but the official gazette. Coffee-houses were excellent media for advertising and their walls were festooned with panegyrics of quacks' panaceas—pills, drops, powders that cured every disease immediately. Some, largely patronised by doctors or lawyers, enabled those in need to find professional advice easily. Nor were the mercantile and commercial classes the only ones to feel the shortage of accommodation. Coffee-houses provided convenient places for gamblers, sharpers and young bloods to meet together, White's, Arthur's and a dozen other highly respectable clubs had their origin in the eighteenth-century coffee-houses. And, of course, the needs of the serious-minded were equally acute; they, too, found the coffee-houses admirably suited to their purpose. Dryden presided at *Wills*, Addison at *Buttons*; the dilettantes favoured the *Grecian*; clergymen could expect to find good company at the *Chapter*; painters preferred *Slaughters*; highwaymen *Mans*. As time passed the coffee-houses grew more specialised in their clientele. Their social and economic value led to their proliferation in the provinces.

By the middle of the eighteenth century their heyday was passing. Gradually commercial activities crystallised and developed their own permanent organisations; the city of London began to empty and more office accommodation became available; the professions insisted on a more rigid code of behaviour from their practitioners; the rich, young bloods preferred to drink and gamble in exclusive privacy. And so coffee-houses faded; in the city a few lingered on through the nineteenth century, but the social need which they had so admirably served in the past no longer existed.

The Year Book of Technical Education and Careers in Industry

Edited by H. C. Dent. Black. 25s.

This first issue of an annual directory will be seized upon by all those who cannot—or do not want to—escape the new technical drive. Schools will hardly be able to do without it and parents might with advantage consult it. It is so arranged that boys or girls with gifts for the applied sciences could pin-point some key word in the index and, following the references, plot out a career. The ultimate form of employment would be a little hazy, for no mere annual compilation can keep track on specific jobs, but the qualifications to be aimed at would be defined, the opportunities for winning them clearly set out, the grants, if any, indicated, and the pre-requisites in the shape of passes in G.C.E. mercilessly stated.

The book observes every level on the technical ladder and shows how a boy (and sometimes a girl) may climb from the lower to the higher rungs. The first part surveys universities, colleges, national councils and the professional associations; the second part outlines some fifty careers in industry; then follow some training schemes in the services and in industry, and finally lists of apprentice agreements and of useful pamphlets. An impressive and conscientious effort has packed 1,000 pages with useful information.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Past and Present

IF I WERE ASKED what television programmes appeal to me most I would say without hesitation those whose theme is architecture—the exteriors and interiors of notable buildings, ancient and modern. This is why I looked forward with special interest to the series called 'The Englishman's Home' which began last Thursday. John Betjeman was to be our guide, and I have already been guided both visibly and invisibly by him, through churches and towns (Padstow was a memorable example) and have always enjoyed myself. So I pitched my hopes high for the visit to Berkeley Castle.

In his article in the *Radio Times* Mr. Betjeman explains that Berkeley had been chosen because, although it dates back to the twelfth century, it is still 'a living thing' in which the same family has lived throughout its eight centuries. Accordingly I expected to be shown not only an ancient castle but a home displaying every sign of present occupation. But this, it turned out, was precisely what I did not see. There were some impressive views of the grand exterior, the great gate and the courtyard, and of the interior, the keep where Edward II was murdered, the great hall with its magnificent screen, and the kitchen; but far from any hint of the living present we were treated to theatrical reproductions in medieval costume of cookery in the kitchen and feasting in the great hall which, however well presented they may have been, effectively transformed both kitchen and hall from present reality into romantic theatre.

Nor is that my only complaint. While we were viewing the exterior Mr. Betjeman pointed out a sham castle in the park below us which is now the kennels of the Berkeley Hunt, and next moment we were there, watching first the hounds at their dinner and then a fine litter of pups also dining from what Mr. Micawber called 'Nature's fount'. These scenes, attractive in themselves, bore no more than an accidental relation to Berkeley Castle and occupied far too much of the programme's half-hour; and the same is true of the goings-on in the baronial kitchen which were protracted to the point of boredom. In fact it was a disappointing and badly designed programme whose fine and



Two shots from a film, 'Bororo—the Unknown Nomads', made by Henry Brandt and shown on television on July 10: a Bororo girl, and bowls of milk—the tribe's staple diet



The gateway and keep of Berkeley Castle, visited in the first of a series of programmes on 'The Englishman's Home', on July 11

A. F. Kersting

enthraling passages and some interesting commentary by Mr. Betjeman were hardly enough to compensate for its glaring shortcomings.

There was nothing old-world about the sixth instalment of 'First Hand' which compressed into half an hour the life history of that abominable engine the tank. Peter West was the narrator, and we saw and heard some of those who helped to design and produce the first tanks and officers and men who took part in their early battles. The story was illustrated by photographs and films, some of which gave a grim impression of the frightfulness of the tank in action. We could have done without some of the old details of bursting shells and advancing

troops which any movie- or television-fan can nowadays supply out of his memory without visual assistance, but with this small exception it was an informative and interesting half-hour.

Much more interesting, because it was concerned not with death but with life, was a programme shown the following evening called 'Bororo'. The Bororo are a race of nomads who haunt the savannas on the southern fringes of the Sahara with whom Henry Brandt spent many months in recent times, and the film he made during his sojourn with them and the commentary with which he accompanied it provided one of the best of the many fascinating programmes on primitive peoples that the B.B.C. has given us. What made the film especially striking was the elaborate dress, head-gear, and huge earrings worn by these extraordinary people and also the immense herds of cattle whose milk, a gallon a day per person, forms their only food except for a small supply of millet. The cattle have immense branching horns which make a spectacular effect in the many fine shots shown of them, both stationary and on the move.

As a gardener I lack the green finger. I know people who have only to break a twig off a shrub or pinch a shoot from a plant between finger-nail and thumb-nail and push it into the soil and it never looks behind it. Not so with me. If I want my cuttings and layers to strike I have to observe all the rules of season and method, and it is here that I sometimes find Percy Thrower of 'Gardening Club' very helpful. Last week he was particularly so. I had already decided to take cuttings of various pinks and make a better job than usual of propagating strawberry runners, when along come Mr. Thrower and Mr. Robert Allwood, a name closely associated with pinks, and between them they not only described but demonstrated in detail the procedure in both cases.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

High Time

I MUST ALWAYS ENJOY any play that contains the exchange, 'Good morning, Citizen Robespierre'—'Good day to you, Citizen Mirabeau'. At once, in the vague mind, Carlyle and Orczy are jostling for position, the fireworks of *Le Quatorze Juillet* rise from the Pont Neuf, and one begins to wonder who, in the roll of the Revolution, is marked next for the stage. By now, in the theatre, and on television and



Watching tank trials at Hatfield in 1915: a photograph shown in 'First Hand—VI: Tanks', on July 9

Imperial War Museum

radio, the heads have fallen fairly thickly.

Let me hasten to correct an error that Macaulay's schoolboy, little brat, spotted some lines ago. Orczy cannot come into this because Mirabeau died before the Revolution began, and before there was a chance for Sir Percy Blakeney to chat to Citizen Chauvelin. The stage of the Terror is being set when Mirabeau is passing. (Had he lived, would the curtain have risen?) With Hugh Ross Williamson to summon him, Rupert Davies to act him, and Rudolph Cartier to produce the play, we know that we shall not be fobbed off with nothing in particular. The Revolution is a high time for drama; and these are men for the hour.

The present piece is called 'The Magnificent Egoist', but I do prefer 'Monsieur Moi', Mr. Williamson's title for his play when Francis L. Sullivan acted Mirabeau in 1935. 'Say'st thou me so,' said Pistol on a famous occasion; 'Is that a ton of moys?' Mirabeau was certainly a massive figure. At once we go to Carlyle and his man of 'the thick black locks . . . through whose shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy, and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions'.

It takes a lot for any actor or any dramatist to present that without weighing down our spirits. Our spirits were not weighted on Sunday night, though Mr. Williamson (and Michael Voysey, who adapted the play for television) had, of course, to dispose of a good deal of history; and Mr. Davies, man of the fuliginous comet-fire, had to win us to him with one of the least prepossessing disguises to which a player can be doomed.

Still, Mr. Williamson (remember only 'Queen Elizabeth' and 'Gunpowder, Treason, and Plot') is always able to suggest the spirit of a period. It is not flamboyant playwriting; but whenever the pace began to slacken on Sunday there was a scene to quicken it: Sonia Dresdel's first, for example, as Mirabeau's mistress, or that meeting between Mirabeau and Marie Antoinette in the pavilion at Saint-Cloud. True, nothing makes me forget the strange passage of Carlyle—who is writing my article this week—in which 'on a "round knoll, *rond point*, the highest of the garden of Saint-Cloud", [Mirabeau] beheld the Queen's face; spake with her, alone, under the void canopy of Night'. Sunday's meeting had less mystery, though Vera Fusek as the Queen—an actress able to offer genuine dignity,

not a pasteboard theatrical version—and Mr. Davies spoke with true fervour.

Mirabeau, who knew just how far to go, might have altered the course of history. Or—the superbly obvious forces itself upon us—he might not. But it was pleasant to speculate in front of our screens on Sunday night, knowing the while, with comfortable prescience, what would happen, and how Robespierre must pass—that anxious, spectacled weasel whom Cyril Shaps embodied so surely that it did not need colour television to tell us of the 'complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green'. There is no need to question Mr. Williamson's dramatic heightening of the last speech in the Assembly (with the news of Sophie's death at just the right time) and the deathbed in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, with Robespierre, 'odd little fanatic', as last mourner. This, after all, is the simplest dramatic licence (and that has covered, in our time, the delivery of the Gettysburg speech in Ford's Theatre). I repeat, the most recent of our Sunday-night history lessons had the spirit, if not the letter, of its age. With Mr. Cartier to animate its scenes (too many Lime Grove ruffians, maybe); the play amply filled the ninety minutes that seems to be back as the standard length. Good performances by Sheila Shand-Gibbs and Anton Diffring; and, at the last, I could have sworn that, intermixed with the Marseillaise, I heard, faint and far-off, the sound of a tumbrel.

Is there really any need for television's panting hurry? Almost before Mirabeau was off the screen, Pat Kirkwood was telling us that she felt a song coming on. I am fond of Miss Kirkwood, and 'From Me To You' keeps up well; but I am sure the planners could spare a two-minute point of rest instead of jamming the programmes together as though they had to get everything in an old tin trunk, and then sit on the lid. The high time in the Kirkwood-Gregg programme came when Mr. Gregg, in an extract from 'To Dorothy, A Son', tried to explain such a matter as the International Date Line to Joan Heal in a frenzy of dumb-blonde cerebration. The Heal squeal is with me yet.

In spite of my sustained pleasure in Mr. Hare's police-superintendent, I do think it is high time that 'Wideawake' reached what presumably will be a point. I wish I could have for it a title of the excitement that Sam Wanamaker (interviewed in 'Rich and Rich') showed for that Liverpool theatre project of his. I have rarely found excitement



Cyril Shaps as Robespierre, Rupert Davies as Mirabeau, and Anton Diffring as La Marck, in 'The Magnificent Egoist', on July 14

more contagious, though after a few months with a policy of 'We Never Close', he may be a very tired man.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Say It With Music

A CAROLLING CHORUS, in Caryl Brahms' 'Look Back to Lyttletoun' in the Home Service on Monday, galloped the gamut from a matter-of-fact 'His Lordship is coming home for Easter' to the metaphysical 'Time is a word without a meaning in Eternity', all melodiously modulated by Lennox Berkeley. The sixteenth-century 'Jacob and Esau', in the Third Programme on Tuesday, earned its epithets as 'a new, merry and witty Comedy' through the little serving-wench Abra, who sings at her dusty duty of sweeping out the patriarchal tent, and is swept from the scene before you can say 'cadabra'. Anthony Bernard also abetted Tibet Talkapace, Annot Alyface, and old Margery Mumblecrust in their choric chores, in this latest admirable programme of 'The First Stage' series, with a cheerful chant of 'Knit, Annot—', 'Sew, Tibet—', 'Spin, Mar-ger-ce'. Ralph Roister Doister himself kept his widow waking with 'I mun be married a Sunday'—until that dauntless dame scuttled his warlike wooing for a whole month of Sundays. Next night again, the angelic Angle of Mervyn Peake's Home Service homily, 'For Mr. Pye—an Island' converted the Scilly heathen on wings of song, with 'Many Giants great and tall', 'Pull for the shore, sailor', and 'To be a pil—' (he swallowed the 'grim'), a humorous hymnal happily harmonised by Malcolm Arnold.

Miss Brahms did not stop at song. There was an antiphonal Chorus of Old Eliotonians, primed with such pregnant queries as 'Will it keep fine for the Pageant?'—'Will it rain for the Funeral?' and the metrical memorandum that 'it has now become high time to get out the Bronchitis kettle'. There was a spectral Headless Horseman, a lovely bunch of cokenuts for Effects. There was a commentator called Old History, a chronic case of chronicling ('A gong booms in the bowels of Lyttletoun'). Some sixty of the seventy-seven roles were superfluous. For a while I tried to persuade myself that this adipose adaptation of a novel 'as yet unpublished' was a Peacockian parody in Dickensian decline. But the empty edifice collapsed



A scene from 'Dangerous Corner', on July 9, with (left to right) Nigel Stock as Robert Caplan, John Fraser (seated) as Gordon Whitehouse, Ursula Howells as Freda Caplan, Ann Firbank as Betty Whitehouse, and Patricia Jessel as Olwen Peel



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under the load of arty ornamentation. What 'Look Back to Lyttletoun' needed was Her ludicrous Ladyship's sovereign remedy for all menial misdemeanours, 'a dollop of senna pods'.

There were ninety noisy minutes of this. Mervyn Peake's amusing and original poetic fantasy, a gift to radio, was cabined and confined in sixty. I have had a soft spot for Mr. Pye since the day, before he plumed himself in print, when his author told me with a grave face; oblivious to the babel of a theatrical Soho coffee-house, how when Mr. Pye did good he began to sprout wings, and when he did not he began to have horns. The end, of course, is Pye in the sky, but not before he has discussed all things 'from goldfish to the nature of limbo', found Our Pal in a mess of porridge, and made a dreadnought of Miss Dredger. In the radio production I thought Oliver Burt was better at being bats in the Bolfry.

Assuming that my regular reader, if I have one, is as sick of my animadversions on adaptations as doubtless the Drama Department is, and presuming on acquaintance with an author who cannot tell a blurb, I summoned Mr. Peake to deliver me his written opinion on the conversion of novels into radio plays. (I notice he scrupulously defined his as 'based on incidents from' the book.) 'Fundamentally', he replies, 'I suppose adaptation is a sin against the Holy Ghost'—but it doesn't matter if the composer, in whatever medium 'has some kind or other of fever in his guts'. 'If a case of adaptation crops up the artist must invent an equivalent, not, as you say, chop and change and ass around with clever bits of jigsaw which don't add up to a new vision'. But unexpected challenges sometimes produce unexpected creations, 'out of unlikely commissions and doubtful projects great whales can be born in clear or murky water', and here he burst into another rollicking chorus of 'Pull for the shore, sailor'. It's enough to make even a critic beat his harpoon into a harp.

B.B.C. Publicity has circulated a more dubious sort of call from deep unto deep. They commend 'The First Stage' series by quoting a Senior English Master (shades of Nicholas Udall!) who says, very truly as far as it goes, that 'many people must welcome the opportunity of studying the plays in terms of sound and suggested movement, rather than mere words on paper'. Plays like 'Ralph Roister Doister', as John Barton said in introducing it, plump openly for mirth and recreation. Raymond Raikes' rumbustious production, the jolly songs, and Geoffrey Matthews' fresh comic performance of Matthew Merrygreek are not so much for the study as for fun. These later stages of 'The First Stage' can more than hold their own as honest, healthy entertainment.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Freedoms

MY LISTENING during the week has tended to illustrate, in diverse ways, the delights, dangers, and responsibilities of freedom. As the month was July, I thought it appropriate to listen on Monday in the Home Service to 'The Holiday Rush', a searching enquiry by David St. John Thomas into 'some of the less welcome aspects of July and August at the seaside'. The enquiry, confined to Devon and Cornwall, showed that the Englishman's freedom to take his holiday when he pleases results in desperate inconvenience both for hotel-keepers and caterers and for the tourist himself. At the bottom of the trouble is 'the peak fortnight'. Mr. Geoffrey Wilson, M.P. for Truro, said that few realised that April, May and June were as good as any months of the year in Devon and Cornwall. Another by-product of freedom, according

to Mr. Wilson, was that Cornishmen were apt to leave tourist traffic to immigrant foreigners who overcharge the customers in order to pay off their mortgages. I heard this interim report without feeling any confidence that the British public would ever devote much study to the obligations of freedom at holiday-time.

On Tuesday I considered other freedoms in the Third Programme. Mr. N. B. Marshall gave a most interesting talk on the work of the Danish *Galathea* Deep Sea Expedition, which has been the first to trawl an abyssal trench off the Philippines. I learned that sea anemones are free to exist at 10,000 metres and that fish can live at 6,000 or 7,000 metres, also that the inhabitants of the ocean—the largest living-space on earth—are not silent but have a certain freedom of expression. We heard some odd recorded grunts and groans from dolphins and whales, and mysterious unidentified moans in the depths of the Pacific. It was even better to be reminded, on the same night in the Third, that there is freedom of expression in the intellectual ocean for those who have the courage to enjoy it. Walter Allen read the text of a lecture on 'Satiric Verse' delivered by Wyndham Lewis at Harvard in 1940, illustrated by some recordings of his 'One-Way Song' made by the author himself; and it was heartening to hear this untameable intellectual whale declaiming his own trenchant lines, though I suspect that his verse has been overpraised.

No one overpraised poor Delia Bacon, whose sad story was well told by Hugh Sykes Davies and others in 'The Consul and the Gifted Woman' on Tuesday night in the Home Service. This was an account of an obsession, of the freedom to go mad. Miss Bacon believed that Shakespeare was written by a coterie of the great Elizabethans and that the solution of the mystery would be found in his tomb at Stratford. When she came to England a century ago, people were kind to her—Carlyle, who said he had never seen 'a prouder silent soul'; the grocer with whom she lodged so cheaply; the long-suffering Vicar of Stratford; and especially Nathaniel Hawthorne, American consul in Liverpool, who got her book published and recorded that 'it fell with a dead thump at the feet of the public and has never been picked up'. Miss Bacon became insane and died in an American asylum; and we were left pondering another of the not uncommon and apparently unavoidable tragedies of freedom.

Mr. Mark Abrams, discussing Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy*, under the title 'The Impact of Admass', in the Third on Wednesday took a more favourable view of the effects of modern media of communication on traditional working-class life than did Mr. Hoggart. His defence of contemporary popular amusements did not convince me, but I was glad to hear it made. And then there was a brisk and vigorous talk, also relevant to the theme, from Mr. Tom Kent in the Third on Thursday, in which he attributed the downfall of the Canadian Liberal Government to overconfidence and misjudgement of public opinion. But naturally most relevant of all was a Home Service programme on Thursday called 'The Freedom of the Individual', in which Bruce Miller discussed with Professor Lionel Robbins, Mr. Chuter Ede, and others whether a Briton's traditional liberties were in danger. Professor Robbins was cautious when asked whether university teachers should answer questions about the politics of their students, but envisaged circumstances of state security when they were obliged to do so. Mr. Ede thought that wire-tapping was sometimes necessary to security, but affirmed that so long as a man relied solely on argument he was safe; no opinion was illegal.

There was encouragement here and elsewhere

last week for those who believe in freedom for the whales and the minnows, regulated by broad common-sense, for those who believe that man must live a free life and be alive to its responsibilities; and there was much to give point to Goethe's dictum that he only earns freedom and life who daily has to win them anew.

DEREK HUDSON

[Mr. Michael Swan is indisposed. He hopes to resume his articles at a later date.]

MUSIC

Glyndebourne Operas

'PARODY, WIT, and self-conscious smartness combined, as in the earlier operas of Richard Strauss, with great technical brilliance, render the Farnese decorations [of *Salvati*] a masterpiece of decadence, but one still capable of giving pleasure'. To none of Strauss' operas does this analogy, quoted from Mr. Cecil Gould's *Introduction to Renaissance Painting*, fit more aptly than to 'Ariadne auf Naxos'. And—for I will not echo Mr. Gould's rather prim 'but'—'Ariadne' remains immensely enjoyable, a supreme example of operatic artifice pushed to the extreme limit of mannerism, and yet not quite toppling over into absurdity.

It is a near thing, for every part of the opera, as distinct from the prologue, is just a little too long, and only a performance of superlative quality can blind one to these *longueurs*. This year's production at Glyndebourne, whence it was relayed last week, is very good, without quite equalling that of three years ago. It is not given to every *soprano leggiero* to tackle Zerbinetta's immense and spangled aria with the easy insouciance that is needed to make of it something more than an anxious *tour de force*. Mimi Coertse, deputising for Rita Streich, gave us the notes, but did not get at the intention that lies behind them. And her troupe of comedians were less lively than their predecessors who contrived to create the impression that they were improvising their act without making a muddle of it. Lucine Amara's Ariadne was excellently sung as before, and David Lloyd made a vocally splendid Bacchus.

The Prologue went extremely well, thanks to Elisabeth Söderström's singing as the Composer. To follow Sena Jurinac in this part and to match her lovely performance with one that is different in conception, but equally valid, is no small feat. Miss Söderström's voice is beautifully produced, the tone, whether loud or soft, issuing evenly and well supported. One had the impression of unused reserves that could be called in at need. The invocation of 'the holy art of music' was exquisitely done. This was altogether a more tragic conception of the part than Miss Jurinac's impulsive and petulant youth. Excellent, too, was Hugues Cuenod's thumbnail sketch of the affected, yet not entirely stupid, Dancing Master. And there was a beautifully drawn study of kindness and perplexity by Thomas Hemsley, as the Music Master. Mr. Hemsley has proved himself this year a master of diverse characterisation as the grotesque piratical admiral in Rossini's 'L'Italiana in Algeri' and as the embodiment of all wisdom and dignity in 'Die Zauberflöte'.

'Ariadne' being too short to fill the evening, has found this year a new and appropriate curtain-raiser in Mozart's 'Der Schauspieler-director', which is also concerned with the ever-fascinating subject of back-stage intrigue. The original libretto had but a halfpennyworth of music to an intolerable deal of talk. So the two arias and the two ensembles composed by Mozart have been given a fresh setting by Hanns Hammelmann and Michael Rose, which preserves the original contention between the two *prime donne*. In the theatre this was entirely

successful and the little comedy went trippingly. As a broadcast, however, it must have failed for all whose German is not good enough to catch the gist of the words, if only because it was not possible to be sure who was speaking. Even they would enjoy the brilliant singing and contrasted characters of the two singers presented by Joan Sutherland, all soul and sentiment, and Naida Labay, the spitfire soubrette. One hopes that the accommodation eventually achieved by the impresario, excellently played by Peter Lager, and the recognition by the rivals of each other's qualities is indeed typical of the spirit of co-operation that seems so happily to exist at Glyndebourne.

A second sight of 'Falstaff' confirms my view, all too cursorily expressed, that this is not one of Glyndebourne's most successful productions. The lack of poetry in the last act, which I excused on the grounds of the trying conditions of the first performance, persisted. To particularise, the horn-calls with which the last scene opens were accurately played, but were not moulded into haunting shapes to melt the heart. And the whole of the baiting of Falstaff was wretchedly conceived. On the credit side there is the richly comic Quickly of Oralia Dominguez and the *gaie comare* of Orietta Moscucci and Fernanda Cadoni. Falstaff himself was splendidly sung by Geraint Evans, who

showed more assurance, particularly in the 'onore' monologue, than on the first night. But his conception of the part with its mincing, man-milliner gestures seems to me completely wrong for this robust ruin of a gentleman. Mr. Evans is, as his Papageno proves, that rare phenomenon a true clown who can restrain his clowning, and that even rarer one, a clown who can sing with art and feeling. His Papageno is a major contribution to what is, in Paul Sacher's noble and spacious conception of the music and Ebert's masterly direction of the action, the most beautiful and finely sung 'Zauberflöte' I have heard.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Domenico Scarlatti: 1685-1757

By LIONEL SALTER

The first of three programmes marking the bicentenary of Domenico Scarlatti's death will be broadcast in the Third Programme on Friday, July 26, at 10.30. There is also a broadcast of his harpsichord sonatas in the Home Service on Tuesday, July 23, at 9.45

IT is the modern fashion, in an age which prides itself on no longer taking notice of superstitions, to indulge in number magic when it comes to paying tribute to creative artists of the past. There is scarcely a figure of note, however relatively neglected, on whom the spotlight is not nowadays turned when it comes to an anniversary of his which can be reckoned in multiples of fifty: a composer whose work receives lip-service a mere ninety-nine years after his death suddenly becomes a centre of interest by the fact of attaining his centenary.

The celebration of such anniversaries usually involves the performance of the composer's major works and some re-examination of his status; but any critical re-assessment presupposes a comprehensive knowledge of the subject's output, which in the case of Domenico Scarlatti, who died two hundred years ago in Madrid (not Naples, as used to be thought), is but rarely found; nor did he leave, in one sense, any major works. This is not to say that compositions of some length by him do not survive (though little enough exists in published form, and much has been lost). There are examples of his church music, written for the Vatican or the Royal Chapel in Portugal, dotted about in Naples, Rome, Lisbon and elsewhere, including the impressive 'Stabat Mater' to be broadcast on July 26 and a beautiful 'Salve Regina', reputedly his last work: there are his operas, composed for the exiled Queen Maria Casimira of Poland (that pathetic imitator of her more famous predecessor in Rome, Cristina of Sweden) or for the Roman public (including a setting of 'Hamlet' that would surprise Shakespeareans).

But all these reflected the influence of previous masters—Vivaldi (whom Scarlatti had heard in action at the Pietà in Venice), Gasparini (with whom he studied) and through him Frescobaldi and Pasquini, and of course his celebrated father Alessandro, the leading operatic composer of his day, whose shadow must have fallen heavily on him—and even the approving Dr. Burney rightly felt that 'his genius was not yet expanded', and remarked on the 'sobriety and almost dullness' of his vocal music.

Domenico's full personality—or, rather, his personal idiom, for we know next to nothing of his nature save that he was an inveterate gambler—did not blossom out until late in life, in fact until the age of over fifty, when there appeared the first of the great body of short sonatas on which his fame now securely rests. Almost certainly written down as records of his improvisations at the harpsichord, the nearly 550 sonatas which survive probably represent a mere tithe of his output. Setting aside some half-dozen

sonatas for organ and another group for violin and continuo, the harpsichord sonatas furnish not merely evidence of Domenico's spectacular keyboard virtuosity (commented on in extravagant terms by Roseingrave, who had earlier been worsted by him at an *accademia*) but the widest conceivable range of expression in a single form, from the 'ingenious jesting with art', as he himself described his *Essercizi*, to poetic, imaginative or passionate works which are miniature masterpieces.

But one difficulty confronting those who desire to do honour to Scarlatti on his bicentenary is the fact that those who create larger canvases register more, in the minds of critics and public alike, than those who confine themselves to smaller works (however exquisitely finished), especially if these latter are of a similar type: compare, for example, the fame and impact of a Reynolds or a Sargent with that of a Hillyarde or an Isaac Oliver.

The circumstance which, more than anything else—more even than escaping from the overwhelming influence of his famous father—stimulated Domenico's own development was undoubtedly his appointment as court musician to Maria Barbara of Spain and her husband, later Fernando VI, two music-mad recluses. Even today Spain's national folk music, striking as it is in character, remains a powerful living force, and to Scarlatti, born of a Sicilian family and brought up in Naples, its heady atmosphere came as a breath of vitality after the stiffness of Roman and Portuguese chapels and courts in which he had spent the previous twenty years. The effect of his being plunged straightway into the colourful bustle of Seville and thereafter in the country surroundings of Castile was observed by Burney: he 'imitated the melody of tunes sung by carriers, muleteers and common people', introducing suggestions of flamenco singing, guitar arabesques, the rhythm of the *jota*, and imitations of castanets, mandolines, bells and the trumpets and drums of popular processions.

For all of this his chosen instrument was the harpsichord. The clavichord was rarely used in Spain—the word *clavicordio*, which has misled some people, is in fact the normal name for the harpsichord—and though pianofortes existed at the various palaces in which the court stayed, Scarlatti's opinion of them seems to have been rather like that of his exact contemporary J. S. Bach. Some of the pianos in Spain, indeed, had suffered the ignominy of being converted back into harpsichords; but it should be remembered that the early pianos had not the brilliance or incisiveness of the plucked instruments. Even on modern pianos Scarlatti's sonatas do not make

their proper effect: they cannot give the twang and rattle which come nearest to suggesting the timbre of the omnipresent guitar, whose characteristic internal pedal points and violent *rasgueando* chords are faithfully reproduced in many of the pieces.

Some features of Scarlatti's instruments, too, are worth bearing in mind by present-day harpsichordists who are tempted to use all kinds of modern resources. The normal range of Maria Barbara's keyboard instruments was four-and-a-half octaves, but three harpsichords built in Spain extended to five octaves, and the glee with which Scarlatti (and later Soler) exploited the high G—a note still not included on many instruments—is obvious; but save for one elaborate instrument with five registers (including a sixteen-foot), all the others had two, or three at the most, and the five-octave instrument certainly had only two. If authenticity of performance is aimed at, therefore, a considerable amount of restraint is needed.

The greatest obstacle to a wider appreciation of Scarlatti, however, lies in the lack of a reliable edition and of any convenient means of identification of the sonatas—the 'absence of landmark', as Sacheverell Sitwell termed it. For Longo, though he gathered together nearly all the pieces, took it upon himself to bowdlerise Scarlatti's more unorthodox harmonies and to jumble together early and late sonatas in hopeless confusion, also ignoring completely the fact that most of them were unequivocally designed to be played in pairs (a few even in groups of three). Kirkpatrick has attempted to remedy this by re-numbering them in roughly chronological sequence, but as he has so far published an edition of only sixty selected sonatas recourse has constantly to be made to conversion tables; and confusion has been worse confounded by numbering these sixty consecutively instead of with the proper 'K. numbers'.

Unlike the keyboard pieces of Couperin—which in any case are only half as many—Scarlatti's sonatas have no descriptive titles making for easy reference, and even such qualifying terms as *giga*, *pastorale*, *capriccio* and the like are rare: we are therefore left with, for example, sixty-eight sonatas in D major and sixty-one in C. Save by remembering two conflicting numerical systems or by such cumbersome methods as quoting incipits, how can even professional musicians be enabled to discuss this wealth of valuable material? Or is the sad lesson of Scarlatti's bicentenary to be that, as has been said of Schubert's 600 songs, he wrote 'more music than the world will ever have time to know'?

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

WAYS WITH HERRINGS

IT IS TRUE that herrings, both fresh and kippered, can make their presence felt about the kitchen long after the meal is over—but they need not. The latest way to prevent this and retain the full quality of the fish during cooking is to wrap them in greaseproof paper, or in one of the new foils now available in the shops, and pop them into the oven. And there is still the well-tried traditional method of 'secretly' cooking kippers—by popping them in a jug of boiling water for two or three minutes. If the jug is covered with a saucepan lid there will not be the slightest trace of cooking in the kitchen.

Potted herrings, served with salad, give plenty of scope both in the cooking of the fish and the preparation of the salad, and on a warm day they make a refreshing meal. Here is one recipe for potted herrings:

- 4 fresh herrings
- $\frac{1}{2}$ a teacup of vinegar and
- $\frac{1}{2}$ a teacup of water
- 2 cloves and some peppercorns.

Clean and bone the fish and wash and dry them. Season with salt and pepper. Roll them up and put them into a pie dish. Add the cloves and peppercorns and pour the vinegar and water over them. Bake for about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

An even tastier way is to sousé the herrings in cider: it must be dry cider, not sweet. The herrings should be stuffed with (or, if they are already boned, folded over) a little chopped onion, with pickling spice under them and around them. Then cover them with cider and close the dish with a lid or a piece of waxed paper. Bake for at least an hour in a slow oven. This is a dish that should be prepared well in advance of the meal it is intended for; if it can

be done two days in advance, all the better.

To bake herrings, they should be filleted and seasoned and sprinkled with finely chopped parsley. Roll them and wrap them in buttered paper and bake them in a moderate oven. They are ready when the paper puffs out.

At the herring ports I found new methods of processing and packaging are being developed. One of the most attractive herring products that I saw was a buckling—a fresh herring cooked by smoke in its own oil. These bucklings are quick frozen after processing and are sent to the shops in attractive packages. They can be eaten without further preparation—as part of a salad or as a savoury, for example, or they can be put under a grill for a few seconds before serving. There is no trace of the oily smell that people object to. Kipper fillers—again quick frozen and attractively wrapped—are also being produced.

STANLEY MAXTON

UNUSUAL SANDWICHES

Why not use French rolls instead of bread cut in half lengthways, rubbed with garlic (if you like it) then put some stoned black olives, chopped red peppers or tomatoes, and add tiny, raw broad beans. Pour a simple oil-and-vinegar dressing over both halves of the rolls and put them together under a heavy weight for about half an hour. Or you could try finely shredded celery mixed with salt and pepper and a little sour cream—especially good with brown bread.

If you want to make cheese sandwiches more interesting mix grated carrot with grated cheese and season with cayenne pepper. With cucumber sandwiches why not sprinkle the cucumber with a little lemon juice and oil or just add a very little grated lemon peel. Finely chopped parsley is another good thing to mix with grated

cheese; or if you want a strong flavour try using curry butter to spread on the bread with a lettuce sandwich. To make the curry butter you need about a teaspoon of curry powder to, say, four ounces of butter and a squeeze of lemon juice. If you prefer it, use mustard powder instead of curry.

Have you tried rolling your sandwiches? Use thin slices of bread and butter with crusts cut off, put in your filling, roll firmly like a little Swiss roll and put aside in a clean cloth for about half an hour before using. This is easiest to do with the ready-cut, thinly sliced bread.

RENA BOSANQUET

Notes on Contributors

TOM KENT (page 79): editor, *Winnipeg Free Press*

MARK ABRAMS (page 82): Director of an advertising agency in charge of consumer research; author of *Social Surveys and Social Action, Britain and Her Export Trade*, etc.

Rt. Hon. VINCENT MASSEY, P.C., C.H., D.C.L., LL.D. (page 87): Governor-General of Canada; author of *On Being Canadian*, etc.

S. H. F. JOHNSTON (page 89): Senior Lecturer in Modern History, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth

N. B. MARSHALL (page 98): on staff of British Museum (Natural History), department of zoology; author of *Aspects of Deep Sea Biology*

DEREK HUDSON (page 109): on the staff of the Oxford University Press; formerly literary editor of *The Spectator* and on the staff of *The Times*; author of *Lewis Carroll, James Pryde 1866-1941*, etc.

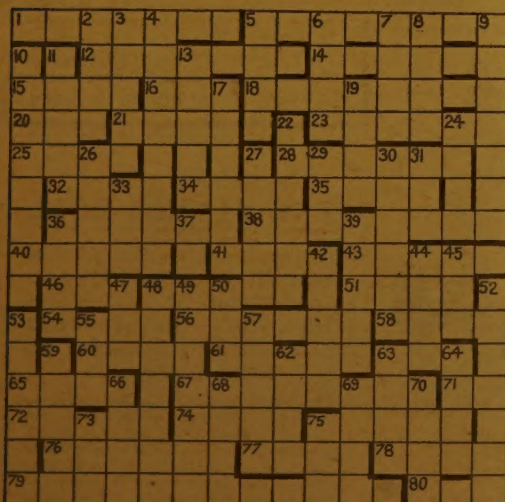
Crossword No. 1,416.

Concert Hall.

By Halezfax

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 25. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.



Clues are normal, but accents and punctuation should be ignored.

The unclued lights, listed below, all have something in common:

Across: 1, 5R, 12, 14, 16R+46, 18R, 23+27D, 36, 51, 56, 78+79, 80.

Down: 9, 10, 11, 19+46A, 26, 37+67A, 47, 49, 52, 53R, 59, 73R+63R, 75R+75A.

R = reversed

CLUES—ACROSS

15. See 16A.
- 16R+15. Is it danced on a three-master? (7)
20. Compose in these times (3)
- 21R. Head armour associated by Wagner with a lake (4)
25. Mixed lubricant in this bark recalls a Sibelius work (4)
28. French folk in a mix-up in a tree (6)
32. Holy snakes! Monkeys have deserted Butterfly's home town (4)
34. Student shows a start about work (4)
35. North in trouble. It's a plant (4)
38. His is a 10D occupation (8)
40. Excessively old and split in Russian opera title (5)
41. Declare with fifty in a mediocre start (4)
- 43R. Queen Mab was 'no bigger than an — stone' (5)
48. 'Reeking tube and iron —' (5)
54. M. Chandon's partner (4)
58. Jagoo was good at shooting one (4)
- 60R. Old flag far from a French brass band (4)
61. Disorderly composer in a wash-basin (5)
- 63R. He's ringed by fire in Faure's Op. 19 (3)
65. Wrote of Scottish country life (4)
- 71R+64R. Retail so to speak (6)
72. First fruits payment including Eastern money (5)
74. See 50 (4)
76. Whence Hugh the Drover may have fed his beasts (6)
77. Musicians have written them for their patron saint's day (4)

DOWN

2. Northerner may be portrayed, indeed (4)
- 3R. Violin-making family (5)
4. Makes it a legal Crown tax (8)
5. 15th-16th century Flemish composer (4)
- 6R. Scottish magpie (4)
7. The Indian in a romantic composer (4)
8. Rattle the turnstile in Scotland (4)
13. Deposit from dark coloured fruits (5)
17. Bark quietly, look in the margin (6)
22. Sustained on high the goddess of the dead five hundred (6)
24. Lady taken aback by silver, look (4)
29. Not all give it to music (3)
30. Get part of 'Blossom' from harpist ill at ease (6)
31. German town has a twisted chimney (3)
- 33R. Boredom first noticed in wood-wind players (3)
36. Swell over fifty in the premium (4)
39. One had to do it to Ko-Ko (5)
42. Compatriots of composer of 'The 78-79' (5)
44. Melody of a drowned valley (4)
45. Information from a concert agency (3)
48. Synonym of 18R (7)
50. Everything a composer has a musical 74A about (3)
- 55R. His followers dance in a Lambert ballet (3)
57. Not quite how Strauss described his 'Legend of Joseph' (5)
62. Contended in 'La vie de Boheme' (4)
- 64R. See 71A
- 66R. Old scheme for Irishman about fifty (4)
68. Jot up a French toast (4)
69. An army occupies most of the students' lodgings (4)
- 70R. Load, about a pound, took effect (4)

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